WEEK ENDING NOV. 29 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Sky Writing

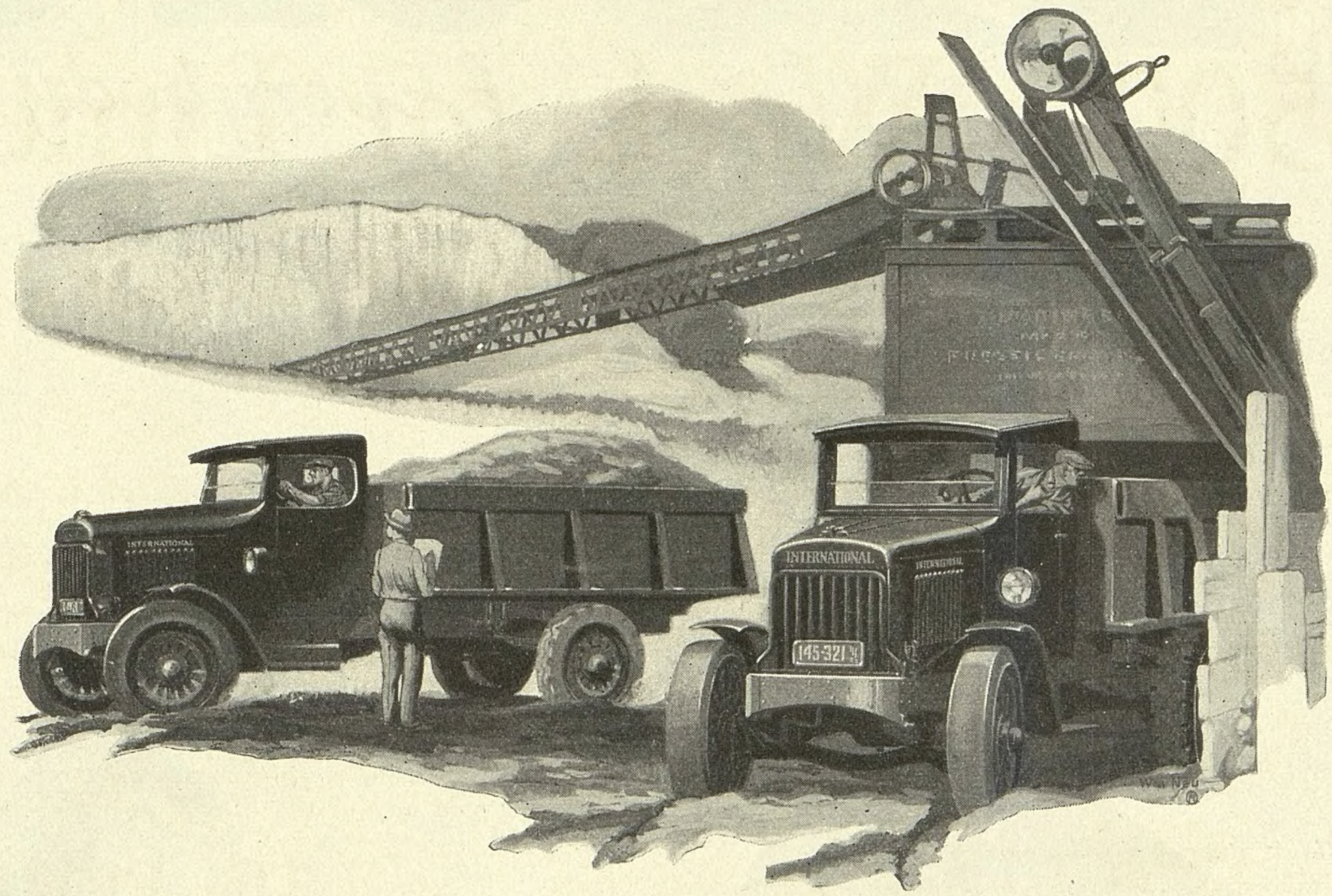
JOSEPH FARRELLY

In this Issue

The WASHINGTON WHIRLIGIG

By Julian Street

FOR LOW-COST HAULING



ANY truck may be a truck—but the truck that can do your job reliably and profitably for the longest time is the truck you need. You will find that out sooner or later but the time to find it out is before you make your investment in hauling equipment.

Because of the world-wide scope of Harvester automotive activities no truck builder has had greater opportunity to learn truck transportation. Because of the extent of Harvester facilities, based on ninety-three years of manufacturing experience, none could have taken better advantage of it. International Trucks are built and sold on the most practical basis for low-cost hauling in every line of business.

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(Incorporated)

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Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Trucks. A corps of factory-trained Road-Engineers inspect regularly and without charge all Internationals in service. These engineers travel out of our 105 direct company branches located in the following cities:

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The largest company-owned motor truck service organization in the world. In addition to these company branches more than 1500 dealers, in as many communities from one end of the country to the other, are ready to serve International owners.

The line forms to the right of the cashier's window, folks. Don't hesitate. Step right in!

$500 a Week *for* Limericks!

Liberty's New Contest Is Open to Everybody---Everywhere

Write a last line for the Limerick printed on this page, and send it in. CERTAINLY, YOU CAN DO IT! Who said you couldn't? It's easy and it's fun!

This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of November 1. The Limerick read as follows:

Jay Walker was crossing the street
When a car knocked him clear off his feet,
He yelled for a cop
Who came on the hop,

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

And said, "Use the walk—be discreet."

Written by C. W. Crum,
Care The Leader, Lexington, Kentucky.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Growling, "Lucky you're not with St. Pete."

Written by Ione M. Goldsmith,
137 Second Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

With an M. D. who fixed him up neat.

Written by Bettie Hynes,
7028 Ridge Boulevard, Chicago.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

And remarked, "I'm through crossing oblique."

Written by L. E. Gaston,
1446 N. Peach Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

And said, "Boy, you're not hurt, so don't bleat."

Written by Mrs. J. J. Lawlor,
18 New York Avenue, Baldwin, L. I., New York.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100: third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

SEND in as many last lines as you wish. Every member of the family can compete. Everybody has a chance—men, women, children! It doesn't matter where you live. Remember, a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two*. Note the date when this week's contest closes and get your pencil out. Five minutes' thought may net you any of the following big awards:

The PRIZES

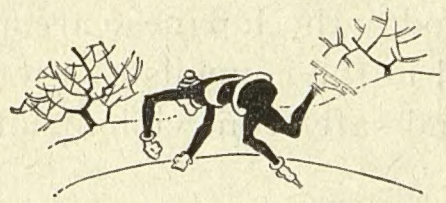
FIRST PRIZE	$250
SECOND PRIZE	100
THIRD PRIZE	75
FOURTH PRIZE	50
FIFTH PRIZE	25

Complete the Limerick in the Coupon Below

All Last Lines for THIS Limerick Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, December 6

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes



A skater who 'lowed he could race,
Set out at a terrible pace,
He came to a turn,
Gave a quick look astern,

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of November 29)

Nov. 29, 1924

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 1 No. 30

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

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Chicago: 7 S. Dearborn St. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Vanderbilt 7489

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

CHINA, THE GREAT PACIFIST

China is pacifist. That does not mean that it is peaceful. Respectable Chinese opinion in years when the Plantaganets of England, under a successful Edward or Henry, were maintaining an unreasonable assertion to French soil or sovereignty, held that the soldiering trade was ignoble.

The man of arms was debased. China has survived this theory in a fashion. If the philosopher consistently maintains his superiority to force, particularly to human force and particularly if he doesn't care what happens to him, he may get along in his fashion.

China has remained and its old culture, stagnant, has remained. It is quite true that it is in existence with its culture when the source of military achievements of the Tartar Khans who slaughtered from Pekin to Dehli to Moscow is a wilderness of barbarism. The Mongol squint-eyed terrors who once had the most extravagant empire of the world live only in strange and far away reflections of themselves that you find in the Russian Cheka and the brute in the Russian soul.

So in this respect China as a pacifist survived the fierce militarist Tartar terror of the north, but the Tartar had nothing but his terrorism. On the rock piles across the China Sea and the Sea of Japan were people quite as determined as the Tartars and quite as cultured as the Chinese. The Japanese were military. The Tartars never reached them. Today the Japanese are an ordered, strong people, respected in the councils of the world, intact in their territory and safe from violent internal disruptions.

China is without territorial or spiritual integrity. It has more soldiers than any other nation and they, recognized as outlaws and outcasts for five centuries, are behaving as such.

England, under the military Plantaganets and the barons and with the military commons, was rid of this irresponsible relation of shire to shire, barony to barony, and section to section centuries ago. China, pacifist, is back in the dark ages of John in England.

Something here has gone wrong with the conception that a moral disregard of the possibility of force being needed in human adjustments means happiness.

China is the most disturbed great country in the world. Germany, which thought too much of its army, is better off. Would you rather be a Chinaman or a Jap? And why? An Englishman or a Cantonese? And why?

Life is force. It lives as such. Maybe later it will be different. It hasn't been. It isn't now. Meanwhile who in this country would not rather live behind the American navy than the Chinese?

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Cover Design by Joseph Farrelly

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Sizing Up Society, *by Gloria Gould Bishop*

GLORIA GOULD BISHOP

THE social season is in full swing, and society primps and plans for a winter of pleasure. But not *Gloria Gould Bishop,* nineteen years old, beautiful daughter of the late *George J. Gould,* and a member of the inner circle. She says society is—bunk! The statement is part of her keen, meaty article, *Sizing Up Society,* in next week's *Liberty.* This article is the event of the week.

Frank R. Adams, who thrilled *Liberty* readers with his two-part romance, *The Highlighter,* has done another stirring and unusual love story for next week's issue, entitled *Against All Comers.* It is about a not quite modern husband who did not understand his modern wife.

Do you envy your bootlegger, and the "easy money" he makes? Well, all is not clear profit when he pockets his cash, for others prey on him and the skinner is often skinned himself. Read about bootleggers' enemies in the amusing article entitled *A Reformed Hijacker Talks.*

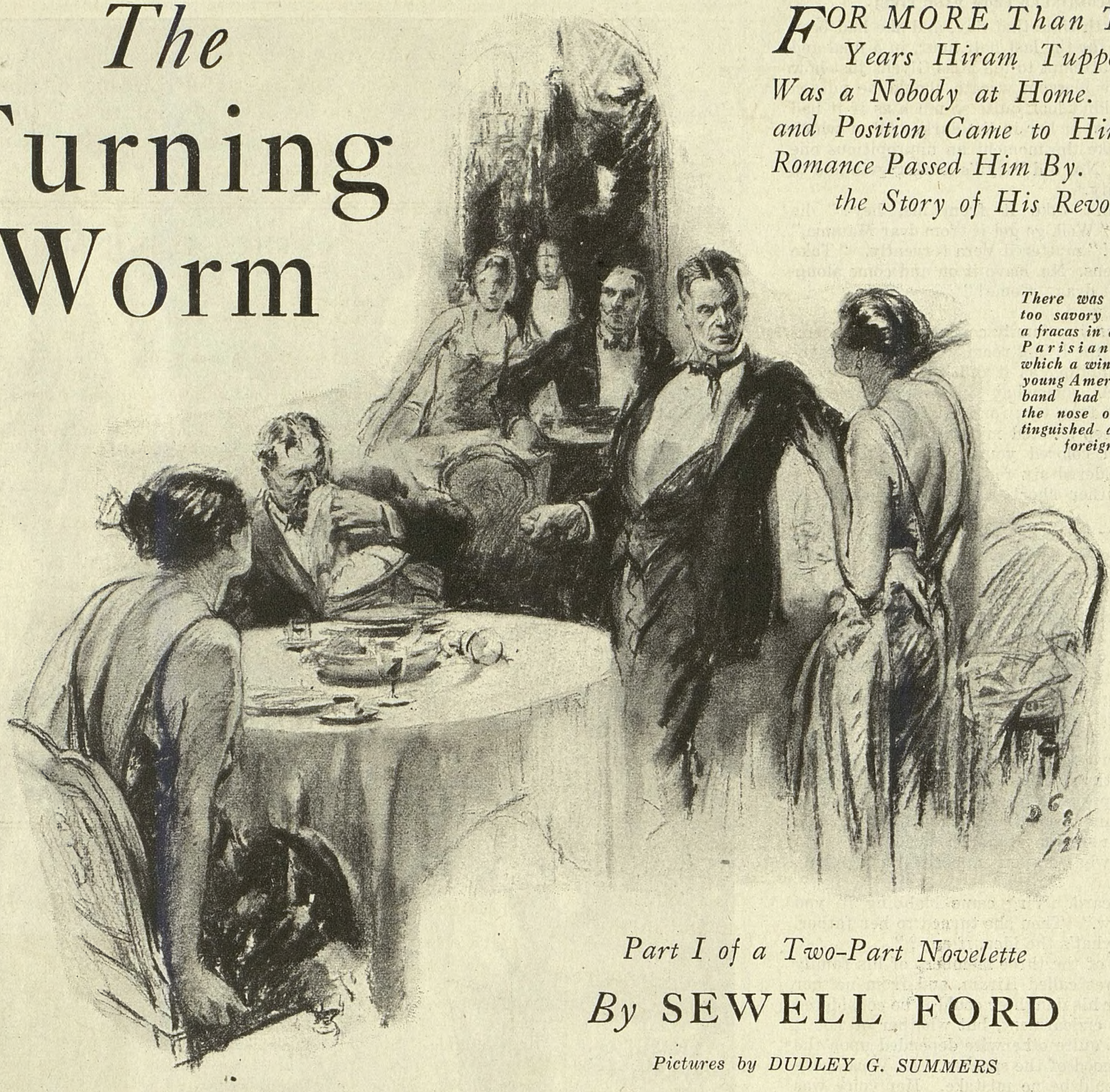
If you want to be an orator or after-dinner speaker, go to the speech factory and ask the foreman to wrap you up a couple of good ones. *Walter Davenport* tells you how to do it in an illuminating article entitled *Wrap Me Up a Speech.*

November 29, 1924 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 30

Special articles, short and long fiction stories are desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Five cents a copy. By mail, $2 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago. Allow four weeks for change of address. Published weekly by The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, 431 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. R. R. McCormick and J. M. Patterson, Editors and Publishers. J. M. Patterson, President and Secretary; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; S. E. Thomason, Second Vice President; John N. Wheeler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1924, by The Coloroto Corporation in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The Turning Worm

FOR MORE Than Thirty Years Hiram Tupper Bell Was a Nobody at Home. Riches and Position Came to Him, But Romance Passed Him By. This Is the Story of His Revolt.



There was the not too savory story of a fracas in a famous Parisian cafe, in which a wine-flushed young American husband had punched the nose of a distinguished appearing foreigner.

Part I of a Two-Part Novelette

By SEWELL FORD

Pictures by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

IF HIRAM BELL had suddenly put on a feathered war bonnet and danced into the living room flourishing a tomahawk he could not have more completely astonished his family. What he actually did do when asked why he was packing a kit bag was to announce he was leaving for New York on the 11:15 that evening.

You see, Hiram had been discovered in the midst of his preparations, caught red-handed by Virgil, his twenty-three-year-old son. And Virgil had at once gone downstairs and told his mother. So Hiram had been summoned into the presence of his wife, and he had appeared, brazenly enough, with half a dozen clean collars in one hand and a razor strop in the other.

"Hiram, are you crazy?" demanded Mrs. Bell.

"No more so than usual, I trust, my dear."

"But when do you think you can get back?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"You—you don't know!" The Goddess of Liberty chin of Mrs. Bell lifted jerkily, her bold blue eyes became bolder and bluer. "Have you forgotten, Hiram Bell, that the wedding is Thursday?"

He was inspecting the edge of one of the collars, but he looked up and nodded.

"Oh, yes! The wedding. No, I had not forgotten—Thursday, the eighteenth, at half after seven, St. Stephen's Church. I've seen several of the announcement cards—shaded old English; rather neat, and—as I recall—somewhat expensive. Of course, I'd planned on being present, but——"

"Hiram!"

"Yes, my dear!"

"Your daughter's wedding—Vera's."

"So I understood."

"Well, then, don't be silly."

He shrugged his stooped shoulders, gently waving the razor strop and the collars, and into the corner of his wide, thin lipped mouth came that whimsical smile which was so exasperating.

"My dear," he went on, "you have been telling me not to be silly for more than thirty years. Has it done any good? Not that I expect you to stop. I would merely like to——" He did not finish the sentence.

For when Mrs. Hiram Bell raised a much be-ringed hand she could make of it a commanding gesture. Also there was an added firmness of the Liberty-like chin, a cold gleam in the bold blue eyes. Hiram knew he had gone far enough.

"Now let's have no nonsense," said Mrs. Bell, "and we'll try to get to the bottom of this. You must know, Hiram, that if you go to New York tonight you cannot possibly be back here again in less than forty-eight hours."

He admitted this with a nod.

"Then that settles it. Of course you can't go."

"Apparently I cannot. Yet I am going."

"Wha-a-at?"

"At fifteen after eleven, *Deo volente* and the train being on time."

"Hiram Tupper Bell!"

"As per wedding cards, eh? It is not often I am favored with the Tupper, my dear. Thank you. I hope I shall not get puffed up over it."

She ignored the digression.

"You are not going."

"Sorry to differ, my dear, but I am."

It was then she called for Vera.

Although at a considerable distance, one flight up and two rooms back, Vera heard. She was in the act of trying on the bridal veil

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for the sixth time that day, and she had been in the act for the last half hour, in a final and desperate attempt to tell Miss Givens just how the orange blossom wreath should be put on so it shouldn't look quite so much as if it had been thrown at her in the dark. All of which helped make the moment an unpropitious one for Vera. Nor did Virgil's leering grin add to her serenity.

"Wouldn't take it from me, hey?" he taunted. "Well, go get it from dear Mamma."

"Damn!" muttered Vera fervently. "Take it off, Givens. No, leave it on and come along. Don't let it drag. Come!"

SO the ensuing family conclave which assembled in the living room was fully representative, including, as it did, the family dressmaker. A somewhat imposing circle of accusers to face, too; for Mrs. Hiram Bell was a large, deep chested matron; Vera an abundant, high colored young woman; Virgil a wide shouldered six footer, and Miss Givens, though rather short, a person of emphatic curves.

Standing there on the edge of the Bokhara with his chin down and the right shoulder sagged, Hiram Bell cut even a poorer figure than usual. Aside from his limp pose there was the neutral tinting of the man—the thin, colorless hair blending into the bloodless face, which in turn merged into the shapeless gray clothing that hung on his spare frame. Nothing to suggest a personality. He was more like a lay figure left about by some careless artist. That is, until you noted the play of light in the greenish gray eyes. This, and the rare occurrence of that whimsical curl of the mouth corners, appeared to be his only betrayal of emotions and what they might be who could guess from such mystical revelations?

"Vera, what do you suppose?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"I've heard. Virg came blabbing it, you might know." Then she turned to her father. "Hiram, what's the idea, if any?"

By each of the three members of his family Mr. Bell was called Hiram, and from neither his son nor his daughter could it be considered a mark of endearment, but whether or not it was meant quite otherwise depended upon the tone and mood of the speaker. As Vera spoke it there could be no mistake. Her voice was petulant, reproving, harsh. It was plain also, that she was either unconscious or careless of her incongruous attire; the filmy white folds of the bridal veil contrasting strangely with the lurid purple and orange batik design of the somewhat coffee stained dressing robe which disclosed rather than concealed the abundance of her figure. A full blooded, vigorous, imperative young person was Vera Bell.

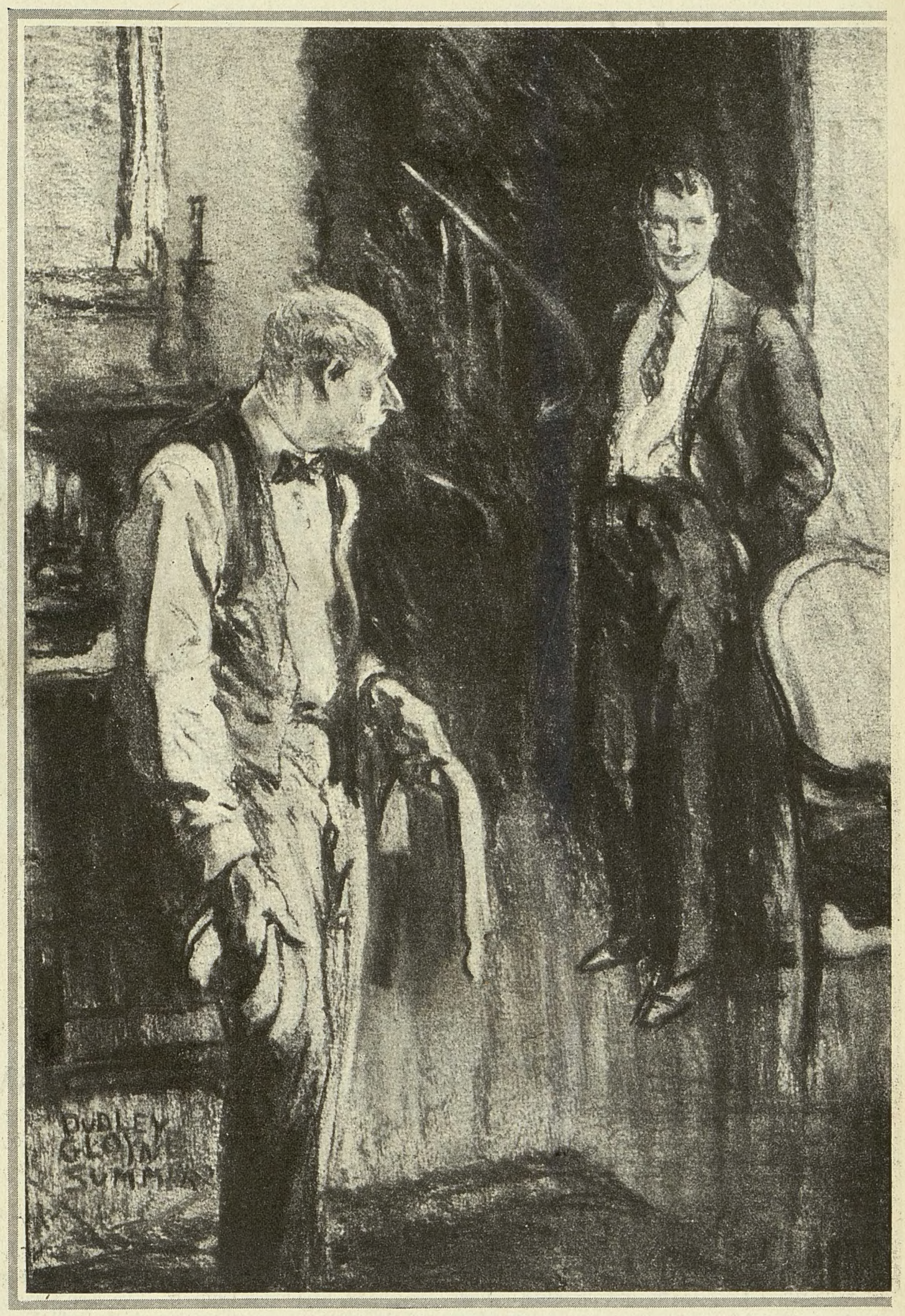
"Well?" she insisted as her parent hesitated.

"Yes, Vera. But the idea, as you term it, is not at all complicated. I am leaving for New York."

"What tommyrot! You know you can't go. There's the rehearsal tomorrow afternoon and the wedding the next evening. You simply can't."

"Really? I had no notion I was so essential to the success of the affair. I've had no hint that such was the case. I had presumed that everything could go on just as well if——"

"You know better, Hiram Bell," broke in Mrs. Bell, "and you ought to be ashamed to talk such nonsense. Don't pretend you've forgotten the lines of the marriage service. When the rector asks, 'Who giveth this woman?' you must be there to make the response. Who would if you didn't? Tell me that."



He had rather a long nose, had Mr. Bell; a long, pale nose; and when he was about to make one of his unusually silly remarks he had a habit, well known to them all, of holding his head on one side and seeming to peer past his nose, impishly. He was so peering now.

"Ah, yes! There is that 'Who giveth' question in the service. But as I remember no one ever makes any response to it, none whatever. The male parent usually shuffles his feet, perhaps bobs his head, or flops his right hand vaguely, and then tries to sneak into the background without getting mixed up with the bride's train or stepping on the flower girl. It is an inconspicuous rôle quite suited to my abilities, and, if circumstances permitted, I should be glad to attempt it. As it is, my dear——"

"Mother!" appealed Vera. "Are you going to let him get away with this—this outrage?"

At which Virgil, lounging in the doorway and thoroughly enjoying the scene, chuckled.

Mrs. Bell silenced him with a look.

"Certainly not," she said. "See here, Hiram; what sort of business takes you to New York?"

"I don't know—can't tell until I get there. It is—well, rather of a personal nature."

"Then it can be put off."

"Unfortunately, no."

"It must be."

He shook his head.

"If you don't mind," said he, "I will finish my packing."

And, while they were still staring at each other, he had glided past Virgil with that noiseless shuffle of his and was half way up the stairs. Only the dressmaker found words to express her horror.

"My Gawd!" said Miss Givens. For when

"What tommyrot! You know you can't go. There's the rehearsal tomorrow afternoon and the wedding the next evening. You simply can't."

one has given one's best, day after day, week after week, toward the building up of a great event, only to watch the fabric totter under blows from a heedless hand—well, a certain poignancy of feeling may be expected. No wonder she turned in round-eyed despair to see what Mrs. Hiram Bell would do to avert the tragedy.

BUT Mrs. Bell was also round eyed. She was realizing that, for the first time in her career as the wife of Hiram Bell, she was being openly defied. And she had neither word nor act to meet the emergency. Stunned and dazed, she watched her husband disappear up the stairs. From the hallway a deep-toned chime boomed the hour of ten.

"But we simply must stop him, mother," said Vera.

"I'll say you gotta get a hop on, then," chuckled Virgil. "Looks like Hiram meant to bust up the show."

Mrs. Bell was clutching a bejeweled left hand with a bejeweled right.

"I—I can't understand what's come over him," she almost wailed.

Let us see if we can chart a maze which Mrs. Hiram Bell had come upon so abruptly and found so hopeless. It is going to be difficult. For she was a woman of by no means dull perception, and she had known this man who was her husband for many years. Until a few moments before she was sure that she knew him as thoroughly, as completely as one human being can know another.

An assured, dominant woman was Mrs. Bell. She had always been like that. Even as a girl in a family of seven—four brothers and two sisters—herself the youngest, she had been a dominant, if not a dominating, personality.

And when Hiram Bell had drifted into the sphere of her radiant good looks, come under the spell of her commanding personality, he felt from the first that he was more captive than captor. For drifted he had. A slim, colorless youth he was then, caught in a current of fate which had made of him, unwillingly and not wholly unresistingly, a bookkeeper on a high stool in the office of the Acme Milling Company.

What he wanted to do different from that he was not quite sure, but he knew that he did not want to keep books. Yet he had an uncanny cleverness with figures, a natural sense of precision and orderly neatness, which gave his services to the struggling company a value that was at least partially appreciated if not fully recompensed. So his vague attempts to escape from day book and ledger, cost sheets and trial balances, were met with dissuading words and small additions to his salary.

Also he was recovering, at that period, from his first serious love affair. For Hiram Bell, diffident, acutely conscious of his lack of most of the social graces and of his humble position as well, it had been a tremendous affair. It had come to him in this manner: Having finished his course at the State University, he had returned to the dull little midwestern town where he had lived, since the death of his widowed mother, with his uncle, Tupper Bell. And since Uncle Tupper needed another clerk in his farm machinery and feed store, Hiram put on a pair of denim overalls and went to work.

Then in August had appeared this young person with the alluring eyes. A niece of Judge Barrows, the local dignitary, she proved to be, and she had come from Toledo to visit her uncle, who lived in the cupaloed, slate-roofed mansion at the other end of Central Avenue.

Hiram had first looked into the alluring eyes as he had stood by the judge's shiny Goddard buggy taking an order for two sacks of oats. A moment later he felt the thrill of her magnetic smile. And that same evening,

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when he was more becomingly arrayed in striped tennis blazer and white duck trousers, he met her on the front steps of the Methodist parsonage, where an ice cream social was in progress.

Just why she should choose him from among the score of village youths available as squire and escort he could not guess, nor could he afterward recall exactly how it was that he had become appropriated as her constant follower; but from that moment until the end of her stay he was her devoted admirer and almost daily companion.

What a golden, glorious month she made of it for him!

It was the light play of her mind which most enthralled him, the quick flashes of whimsy, the catching up of absurd trifles which she tossed to him, to be subtly caught and tossed back with a new twist of meaning. To this sort of thing he could respond.

No one else had ever brought out in Hiram Bell this whimsical streak. True, it had been there, but dormant. When quaint conceits had come into his mind he had smiled slyly, turned them about a bit, and kept them to himself. He wondered if anyone else in the world had such thoughts; that is, anyone but such geniuses as Lewis Carroll, or Gilbert of the Bab Ballads.

How this young woman who had never seen him before should divine within the first half hour the vein of fancy which lay hidden under his shy awkwardness, Hiram could not guess. But, with a touch as sure as that of a magician who produces a live rabbit from a silk hat, she brought to light his secret knack. Queer quirks of humor slipped from his tongue and great was his delight when she responded in kind. So a bond was established. They were soon talking a language which but few about them could have understood.

It was when they were arranging for their second meeting that he put her to the Alice In Wonderland test. "What time?" she asked. "About brillig," he replied. "Beamish boy," said she, "your slithy tove will be there."

From then on those were some of the names they used, although sometimes he was the March Hare and she was Alice.

AT the end of a week he knew he was madly in love with her, but what was to come of it, where it would lead them, he did not dare ask.

As a clerk in Uncle Tupper's store that August he was almost a total loss; for, when he was not with the judge's charming niece, he was mooning about her, recalling what she had last said to him the night before, how her eyes had glowed softly in the moonlight, the faint perfume of her hair—all the usual symptoms of a severe case of cardiac amoritis, or whatever the technical term should be.

And yet, after nearly four weeks of this, he had not so much as held her in his arms or touched his lips to her cheek. He had not even tried. Not that he was any thin blooded ascetic, or that he had not wanted all that any lover wants. But, in some deft way, of which he was hardly conscious, she fended off every attempt at nearer and tender approaches, kept their companionship to the level on which it had begun. Until, late one radiant night when their talk had been more intimately personal than ever, suddenly he was moved to clasp her to him, found her face close to his, her warm, lithe figure yielding unresistingly. And somehow he was not astonished when his caresses were returned.

In her ear he murmured foolish words. "Bliss begins," he said. "Ah, no!" said she. "It ends." He paid no heed. "Always," he told her, "I shall love you like this." "No," she insisted. "You musn't. You must forget." He laughed. "You shall see." "Suppose you never saw me again?" she asked. "What if the sun went out?" he answered. "But if I were far away?" she went on. "Two blocks would be far," said he, "but that would make no difference. Nor two worlds. You would be mine and I would be yours." "And if, far away, I needed you?" she asked. "When you send I shall come." "It's a bargain," she said.

And it was sealed, many times, after the usual fashion. Nearly always they make vows of some sort. It is part of the ritual. And hardly ever do they remember what they vow. As for Hiram, it seemed a deliciously foolish thing to do. How could she ever be far away?

Yet before the next noon he learned that she had gone home. And after two days of uncertain agony came an amazing, a crushing letter from her. In it she told him that she liked him very much, that she should never forget those delightful few weeks, that she hoped she could always count on him as a true friend, but—and his dizzy eyes could scarcely read the words—within a month she was to be married to a man of more than twice her age to whom she had been engaged for nearly a year.

THAT was when Hiram left the small town, walked to the nearest city, and in the course of time found himself on the high stool in the back office of the Acme Power Company. He survived the blow, of course. He even read with some calmness the account of her marriage to a man of wealth and position.

Six or seven months later he noticed that favorable glances were being bestowed on him by the brilliantly blue eyes of his landlady's daughter. Perhaps it was her utter unlikeness to the other that urged him on, perhaps there was some pique in his hasty welcome of this new affair, perhaps it was merely the selective law of varying types whose working out neither could resist. Anyway, as soon as his salary warranted, they were married.

Materially the union was a marked success. The young Mrs. Hiram Bell was an eager, pushing, ambitious mate. It was she who told him what to say to the president of the Acme Power Company and did not rest until he had said it. Hiram was made head bookkeeper and given another raise. Then, when the new electric light company was organized and the old concern became the Acme Power and Lighting Company, among the names appearing on the new letter heads was that of Hiram Bell, Treasurer. Ten years later, when a great corporation, serving towns and cities of a wide area, was organized, the man chosen as general treasurer was the same Hiram Bell.

True, he no longer needed to be coached by his wife as to what demands he should make of boards of directors. It was not necessary for him to make demands. His gift for figures had developed into something more than mere mathematical wizardry.

He had come to be known as a man who could distinguish between a vision of things that might be and a mirage of things that never were. His slowly formed, cautious judgments, given with mild humility yet with convincing sincerity, came to be relied upon by men who had built up great enterprises and were building greater. And when profits ensued Hiram Bell was given his share.

So the Bells progressed in the accustomed manner; from one maid to two, to four; from a five room flat to half of a two-family house, to a separate residence on a better street; and finally to this great, red-tiled, white-stuccoed affair on the best street.

And each step was taken at the direction of Mrs. Hiram Bell. Virgil and Vera were sent to the colleges she selected. Now they were at home, and Vera was about to be married to some young man who lived in another red-tiled, white-stuccoed house, with an even more imposing porte cochère than that of the Bells' and farther along on the best street.

The young man had surprised Hiram one evening by walking into the upstairs back room which, after some debate between Vera and her mother, had been set aside as his private study. A large, blonde young man he was, who walked heavily on his heels and sat casually on the corner of Hiram's desk without invitation. Just why he should do this was a matter about which Hiram was speculating curiously when he was crisply informed.

"Vera and I are going to be married next month," said the young man.

"How interesting!"

"The eighteenth. Thought you'd like to know."

"Why, surely. Thank you for telling me. Will you—er—have a cigar?"

"No. Cigarets for mine. G'night."

And the ceremony was over. Mr. Bell believed that the young man's name was Guggy or Oggie, or something like that. Only when he read the engraved card did he learn that it was Augustus.

So you may guess that Hiram Bell did not govern his household after the patriarchal method. In fact, he did not govern it at all. In his own home his position was a curiously inconspicuous one. Nominally the head of the family, he had as little influence, as little authority in the direction of its many and varied activities, as if he had been a visiting poor relation who had long since worn out his welcome. Even the cook and chauffeur spoke of him as "Hiram."

True, the American husband and father who is also a big business man sometimes achieves a relative unimportance at home, but seldom does he reach a state in which he is so completely unconsidered. Whether Hiram Bell had achieved it, or it had been thrust upon him, is a question. It had come gradually, although, as suggested, from the first Mrs. Bell had held the reins. But during the early years of the Bells' married life he had sometimes been consulted, as a matter of form; and on occasion he had expressed decided views, distinct wishes that were not in harmony with those of his wife. If he had ever carried a single point he could not remember it.

AT home the ambitions of Martha Bell had been realized, in so far as she had gained the things she had wanted, only after many a hard fought battle. For in the same city where, as a helper in her mother's boarding house, she had married a poorly paid bookkeeper, she was now one of the recognized leaders of a prominent social circle.

And that had not come easily. Except for the money he had provided, Hiram had been of no help. In fact, he had been a heavy handicap. Other women who were climbing the same steep grade had been able to make socially presentable husbands out of much cruder raw material. Hiram Bell simply would not climb. He would not even hold the ladder. As best she could, Martha went on without him.

As the children grew up, especially as Vera merged from girlhood into young womanhood, Mrs. Bell found herself not so much alone in her schemes and plans for social success; and while she and her daughter seldom agreed as

"Suppose you never saw me again?" she asked. "What if the sun went out?" he answered.

to manner and method, it was some comfort, at least, to have a stout opponent. Vera was all of that. She, too, was of a dominant nature. Mother and daughter, while no doubt fond of each other, were in a constant state of bickering, generally over small affairs. At times the noise of it could be heard from top to bottom of the big white stucco house. Hiram had his study fitted with double doors.

Virgil Bell, somewhat inappropriately named, was also much like his mother. Having been dropped from college during his sophomore term, he devoted himself, largely as a patron, to the noisier sports. He was an eager baseball fan, a follower of football games, a constant attendant at ring events. And, as you might guess, Virgil "couldn't see this society stuff; not a-tall." Hence there were other bickerings between Virgil and his mother, particularly between Virgil and Vera.

YET each of the three resented the persistent aloofness of Hiram Bell from their tumultuous affairs, his utter abdication of the paternal rôle. For, before the young people were in their twenties, that was what it amounted to. Actually he lived almost the life of a recluse in his own home.

"What's the tricky notion, Hiram's shutting himself up in that room of his all the time?" Virgil had once demanded.

Vera had sniffed, Mrs. Bell had shrugged her heavy shoulders.

"I know one thing he does," Vera had confided later to her mother. "He cuts silly verses out of the papers and magazines and pastes 'em in a big scrap book. I shouldn't wonder but he writes some of that junk himself, too."

On investigation it was discovered that Hiram was guilty on both counts. As a matter of fact, he had compiled perhaps the most complete anthology of nonsense verses anywhere in existence.

With great self-restraint Vera and her mother kept the disgraceful news from the servants. They did not even tell Virgil. And to Hiram they said nothing at all. But from that day Vera's contempt for her father was hardly concealed.

"His gears don't mesh, that's all," was her comment. "They never did, I expect."

HER attitude became fixed. As for Virgil, his contempt for mankind in general—barring a few intimate friends and the Babe Ruths and Dempseys of the land—was so comprehensive that one could hardly look for an exception in the case of a mere parent.

And that was the situation in the Bell home when Hiram astonished his wife, daughter, and Sadie Givens by preparing to slip out of town on almost the very eve of Vera's wedding. Perhaps their astonishment was illogical. After all, as Virgil pointed out, "the old boy is only running true to form."

But somehow neither Martha nor her daughter had counted on such public defection. Even if he had declined to be present at his wife's big dinner parties or to show himself during other social functions, he had been, in a way, tractable about most things. He had not blocked the ladder. He had signed checks incidental to the wedding preparations, signed without protest.

He knew that it was to be a church spectacle, that he was expected to take part in it. He had gone so far as to provide himself with suitable evening clothes to be worn at the fashionable event which was to launch Vera into matrimony. And then, abruptly, he had balked. He had been found in the act of packing to leave.

"He's gone!" announced Virgil a few moments later. "I say! Hiram's beat it."

It was Vera's inspiration which led to a search of his room.

"I don't believe it's just mulishness, or a case of cold feet," she declared. "He got this fit on him too sudden. And he hasn't been as far as New York for years. I wonder did he get a wire or anything this evening?"

A maid supplied the information.

"Sure he did. Just before dinner. One of the clerks brought it up from the office and I took it to him."

"Perhaps he left it," said Vera.

They found the torn pieces of yellow paper in a scrap basket. Then mother and daughter locked the door, bent over the desk, and fitted them together. This was the typed line they made out:

> You said once that if I ever needed you you'd come. I do need you now.
>
> BEULAH.

"Mother, who is this Beulah person?"

"I don't know. I never heard of any Beulah."

"That's funny, too," said Vera. "Usually you don't miss many tricks."

Beulah, of course, was the young person of the alluring eyes, the girl of the golden mouth, the one who had once called him her beamish boy. And now, after long years and from far away, she had called to him. She needed Hiram and he was going to her.

Although Hiram Bell had never seen Beulah since their parting at the judge's gate, nor had he had any direct word from her after the crushing letter, he had, after a fashion, kept track of the girl who had gone back to Toledo to become Mrs. Talcott Day. It had not been difficult, for she had soon developed into a social leader.

And when her elderly husband had died, some ten years later, there came the rumors that his tangled financial affairs were being ably handled by his attractive widow. In fact, some of her wide interests touched those of the newly organized Tri-State Service Corporation, and Hiram, the watchful general treasurer of the corporation, marveled not a little as he noted how daringly many of her investments were made.

Then had come the quickly smothered out-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Second-Wind and Stamina
brings runners and cleaners to the front

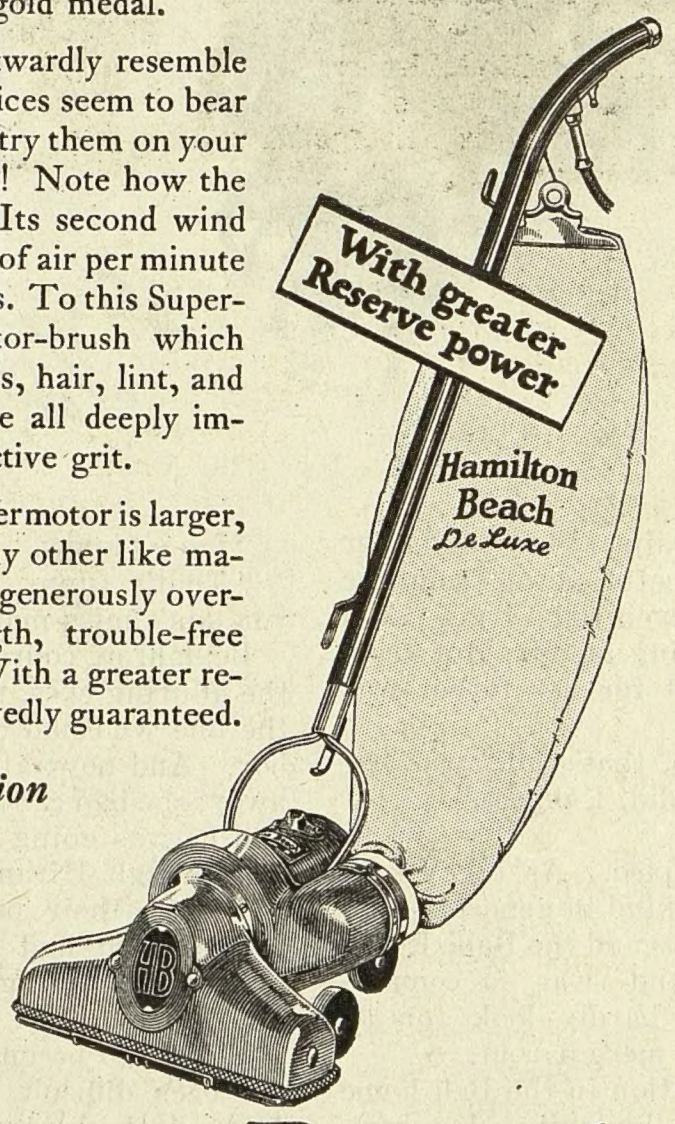
A patter of flying feet . . . the blur of legs races on and on . . . panting chests and pulling muscles . . . the gap between men widens . . . a last teeth-clenched push . . . and number 4 breaks the tape.

* * *

MANY men run, but few are victors. All look much alike in their track suits, but in the race some unseen determination, some hidden ability that quickens second wind, earns the ribboned gold medal.

Vacuum cleaners, too, outwardly resemble each other. Even their prices seem to bear out the similarity. But just try them on your own fine rugs and carpets! Note how the Hamilton Beach excels. Its second wind is a gale of 219 cubic feet of air per minute to which all dirt surrenders. To this Super-suction it adds the Motor-brush which sweeps up clinging threads, hair, lint, and fuzz—while shaking loose all deeply imbedded particles of destructive grit.

Its full one-sixth horsepower motor is larger, we believe, than that in any other like machine. All other parts are generously oversize. That proves strength, trouble-free operation, and long life. With a greater reserve power that is unreservedly guaranteed.



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

burst of the Marsh scandal, following the hushing up of which the hastily divorced young wife had weepingly taken her two children and departed to live in a French villa, as per agreement, and a few weeks later the cabled reports of a spectacular midnight ceremony in the chapel of an English manor house where, as the guest of his sister, Lady Brentwyn, young Ira Havers Marsh had married a certain Mrs. Talcott Day, from somewhere in Ohio.

The Chicago papers seemed quite excited over it, for Ira Havers was the only son of Gideon Marsh, head of the great mail order house whose bulky catalogues go to a million homes. The reports credited the new Mrs. Marsh with being thirty-five and at least six years older than her recently acquired second husband. Sitting at his desk in his private office, Hiram Bell smiled. He knew she must be very near forty.

Next came a period when he was almost completely out of touch with the intricate windings of her fate, but not quite. There was the not too savory story of a fracas in a famous Parisian café, in which a wine-flushed young American husband had punched the nose of a distinguished-appearing foreigner, said to have been a refugee Russian grand duke, whose gallantries toward the American's wife were more obvious than discreet.

Ira Havers Marsh was named as the nose puncher, and for at least ten days after there was avid discussion in the editorial columns of our journals, great and small, as to whether Mr. Marsh should have accepted the punchee's challenge to a meeting on the field of honor, which he did not; or should have left early next morning for Cairo, which he did.

Anyway, Gideon Marsh seemed to have held decided opinions about such doings, for when his will was probated, six or seven months later, all who cared to read were informed that the only inheritance left to Ira Havers Marsh was a sixty-acre dairy farm in Wisconsin, provided said Ira assumed active and residential managership within thirty days after being notified by the executors.

That the Wisconsin dairy farm reverted to the other heirs of the great Marsh estate Hiram judged when he read, the following April, of another affair at Monte Carlo in which the same young Mr. Marsh figured unheroically. He gathered that Beulah's second choice had not been a fortunate one.

ALSO, certain transactions came to the notice of Hiram Bell, sales of stocks and bonds, often at injudicious times, which told him that Beulah must be drawing heavily on her capital. He guessed that the fortune left to her by Talcott Day was being squandered in the gay places of Europe, as so many other American made fortunes have been squandered. And at last, as a trite climax to the tale, the shrieking headlines chronicled the tragic end of Ira Havers Marsh, self-destroyed in a squalid room in a squalid hotel on the left bank of the Seine. The gruesome story closed with the announcement that word had been sent to Mrs. Marsh, who was visiting friends in Scotland.

Then another blank period, during which he neither saw her name printed nor heard it spoken. She had dropped out, disappeared, and it was only within the last two years that he had learned by finding her signature on some negotiable notes of current date, that she had not only returned but was once more dabbling in finance.

He shook his head over the notes and promptly listed them as undesirable paper. For Hiram Bell had neither faith nor trust in the business ability of the average woman, no matter how modern she might be. In fact, he had great distrust of the feminine sex in general. Perhaps his experiences had been unfortunate; certainly they had not been wide. Yet the woman he had first loved, and loved most, had lightly broken faith with him. True, he had forgiven, but he had not forgotten.

SO, as Hiram Bell caught glimpses of the speculative career into which Beulah was obviously plunging, he pursed his thin lips and waited expectantly for the ensuing crash. Somewhat to his disappointment, it did not come at once. Either she had listened to competent male advisers or else she was enjoying a streak of rare good luck, for some of her flimsiest enterprises were carried through successfully, some of her most audacious ventures wabbled into safety.

Of course, there were a few failures, possibly more than he knew about, for it was only as her schemes impinged on the interests of his corporation that he became aware of her various moves. He saw that she was growing bolder, plunging deeper and deeper into the muddy waters of turbulent finance. How she could do this, where she had found the capital to make a beginning, he could not even guess. But there she was, her name linked with those of big scale promoters.

Eventually, of course, that which he had anticipated came to pass. It arrived with startling swiftness, and for two days now on the front page of the daily newspapers had appeared lurid stories which related all that was known and much that was guessed at concerning the amazing career of this woman of mystery.

Wall Street itself is jarred in the transformed Hiram's next move. Read about his meeting with his lost love in the concluding installment next week.

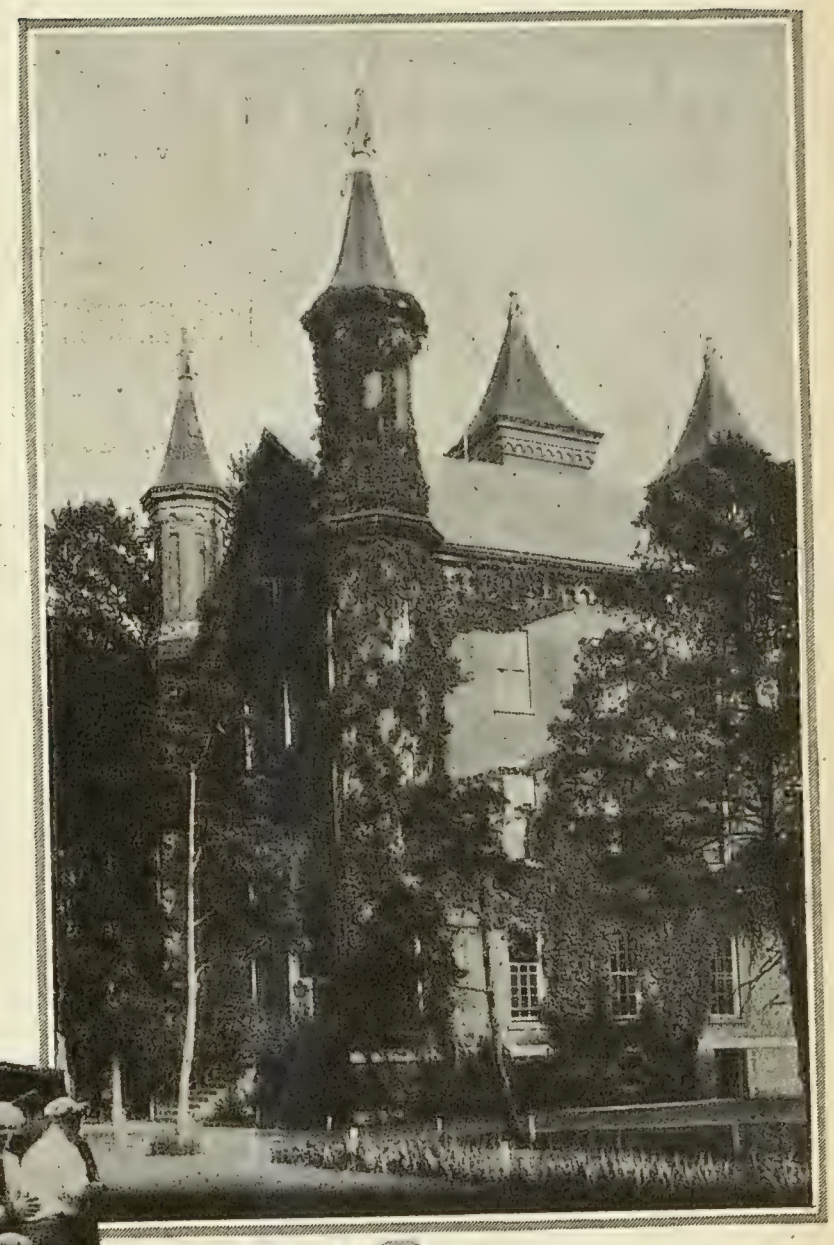
Where You Must Work Your Way Through

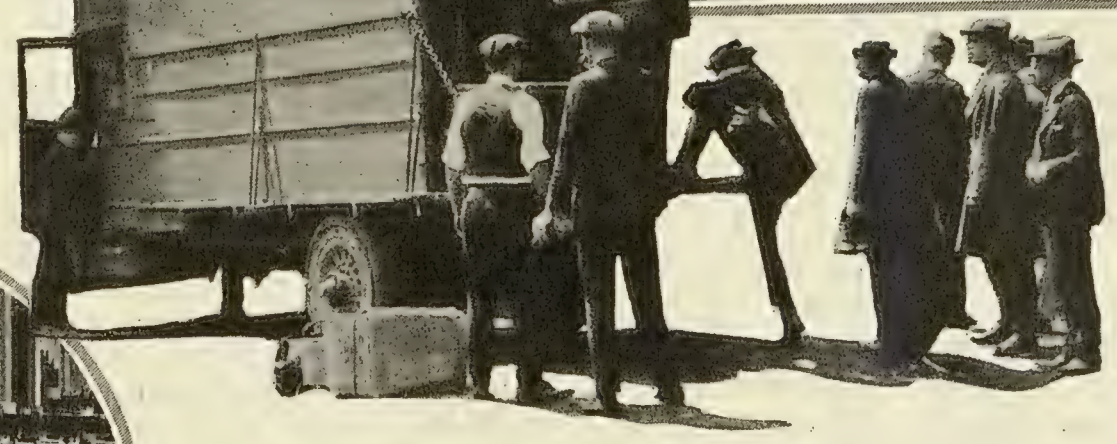
COLLEGE

A Story of the New Age in Education and of Antioch College, the Strangest Institution of Learning in the Country, Where Boys Acquire Poise and Confidence by Both Work and Study

By ANGELO PATRI

This is the second article by Mr. Patri on Antioch College. In the previous article, which appeared in the October twenty-fifth issue of Liberty, the curriculum and other features were described, including the manner in which President Morgan came to direct the school along such unusual educational lines.





Above—One of the pretty vine-covered buildings at Antioch. At the left—Students moving at change of divisions.

The dining hall at Antioch College, where plain, wholesome food is served to students who learn to be self-reliant and self-supporting.

AMERICA is entering upon a new era. We have passed through our childhood and adolescence and are advancing to a stage of growth where we are to take ourselves and our responsibilities even more seriously than we have done.

Where we have been heedless we must now take thought; where we have spent recklessly we must now conserve; where we have acted selfishly we must now consider others, especially those of the next generation. Industry and its ethics, this vast scheme of human relationships must be recast in the light of our knowledge and experience, which accounts for our agitated interest in education.

Parents are exasperated by the care-free attitude of youth, their lack of appreciation of life and its difficulties, its sacrifices, and its rewards, but there is no one to blame but themselves. From the beginning they have stood between life and their children. They sheltered them from every possible contact and, more often than not, sent them to college with the view of protecting them for another four years. They fed life to the children after sterilizing it meticulously. How then could the children appreciate life? Living is a first hand process wherein one fights his own battle or surrenders and retires from the field.

Children are not born with powers of discrimination and judgment fully developed. They have to grow them through first hand experiences, and they are entitled to gather these under the best possible conditions. The experiences should be approved by expert educators who know how to adjust experience to capacity and keep the student steadily reaching out, never losing his way, never becoming overburdened. Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, offers the best opportunity of this sort in the country.

THIS college gives a liberal arts course, conferring the bachelor's degree. The curriculum is the usual one of such a college except that there is added a course in personal finance and also one in college aims. A student must understand exactly what his college is standing for and what is expected of him, and he must account for the money he spends as well as for what he earns.

Supplementing the cultural course, and given equal value, is the course in industry which each student takes. This combination of work and study aims to overcome the great difficulty of the college graduate who finds himself with a diploma and no job.

The Antioch graduate will not find himself in this predicament. He will not have to "learn the business," because he has been functioning in it for years and is ready to start as a leader, assuming the duties and responsibilities of the position. To be sure it has taken him six years to complete his course of study and work, but the time has gone into his ripening and he is graduated a matured intelligence, a well-rounded, self-directing, and self-sustaining citizen. This unusual goal presupposes certain qualifications in the candidate for admission.

An entering student is advised to have three hundred dollars behind him for his first year. He must have a good record and sufficient intelligence to pass the requirements of the committee on admissions. After that he has to persuade Arthur E. Morgan, the president, that as a student he has an ideal of service, the will to pursue it, the power to make it good in the service of his country. He must do this sitting across the table from this keen-eyed, service-seasoned engineer-educator.

You want to come to Antioch? What is it you are searching for? What makes you think you will find it here? Why do you want this training? What are you going to do with it? Just what have you done that you believe justifies us in accepting you as the sort of student

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The New, Easy Way to Have Beautiful Waxed Floors

The new, easy way to wax floors and linoleums is with Johnson's Liquid Wax, applied with a Johnson Wax Mop and polished with a Johnson Weighted Brush. This new method means that every one can now have beautiful waxed floors with very little effort—just a few minutes' time—and without stooping.

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Waxed floors, besides being beautiful and distinctive, have many practical advantages. They are, by far, the most economical—they do not show heel prints—are not slippery—and traffic spots can be easily rewaxed without going over the entire floor. Johnson's Liquid Wax is a complete finish and polish for floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, rubber, tile, etc.

$4.90 Floor Polishing Outfit for $3.50

This Offer Consists of

1—Weighted Polishing Brush	*$3.50*
1—Pint Johnson's Liquid Wax	*.75*
1—Pint Johnson's Kleen Floor	*.40*
1—Johnson Home Beautifying Book	*.25*
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A Saving of $1.40!

This offer is good at all stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit, mail your order and $3.50 for direct shipment. Prepaid.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN]

Antioch seeks? These are not the usual college entrance tests, but unless the student can answer them to the satisfaction of the president he may not enter Antioch. It is a certain quality of character which is wanted, intelligence plus character plus vision. It is not too common, but Mr. Morgan interviews each candidate personally in his effort to find that quality.

HAVING won entrance, the student is assigned to his first job. The college has on its list many industries whose leaders are willing to accept students as workers under the prescribed conditions. A student worker serves for five weeks at the prevailing rate of wages, and his employer keeps a record of his work and progress. No student may leave his job nor does his employer dismiss him without first conferring with the administrators.

At the close of the working period the student goes to the classroom and takes up his study for the next five weeks, while his alternate takes his place in the shop.

Doesn't this break in study and work set both back? No. The rhythm of five weeks in shop and five weeks in class soon establishes itself, and students and instructors and employers say the readjustments are made quickly and smoothly.

There are wide differences in this student body. The students differ in age, the majority being in their late teens, although some are younger and some older. They differ in experience. Some of them have supported themselves for years, while others know nothing of the weight of such responsibility. They differ in religion, in ancestry, in tradition.

One boy has made a discovery which should stand him in good stead for the rest of his life. His father, who had worked hard and grown wealthy, thought his son should be shielded from the roughness and hardships of life, and accordingly sent him to an exclusive and expensive preparatory school. He was graduated without ever having had a chance to shoulder responsibility for anything, and with a high sense of his social prestige. The father soon discovered that his son's education had gone far in unfitting him for any sort of worth-while living and decided to send him to Antioch, where work was in the curriculum.

His first job was in a factory sanding the shanks of golf clubs. This was hard work, and he did not like it. He failed to make good with his employer and was withdrawn and assigned to another job. Again he failed. He could not see any reason for being on time or bringing his work up to the standard of quality or quantity. His scholastic work was poor owing to the same slack standard.

Failure in industrial work alone is sufficient for suspension in Antioch, and, as this was his second trial, he was suspended for six months with the provision that if he desired at the end of the period to return and try again for the third and last time, he might do so. He agreed, and said that for the first time in his life he had learned that he "could not get away with everything."

At the end of his six months' rustication the boy returned, and the rope factory, where he was to make a record "acceptable to the college," offered the dirtiest and the most unpleasant job on the list. But he made good. He was late only once in six months, and said he knew now what was meant by "dependable." At least he is headed the right way.

There is a lad who came from New England and found in the largest ingot steel producing plant in the world what he intends shall be his life work. His first job there was in the personnel department, where he helped to gather statistics for the manager. Later he was transferred to the riggers' department of the maintenance section. This gave him a chance to go anywhere in the plant he chose, and he cultivated the acquaintance of the workmen, learning what they thought and said.

HE knows as much now about "briar hoppers" from Kentucky, Negroes from the South, foreigners from all over the world, as he does about his New England neighbors. Knowledge of people as personal and as broad as this is worth a six-year course to him.

Danny is one of the most popular boys on the campus. He came from Ireland three years ago, and each year since he has brought over a brother.

"There are ten more at home," says Danny, "and some day I'll have them all here."

He went to work as night clerk in the grinding room of a malleable iron mill, and when the night foreman was discharged Danny got the job. The old foreman had been somewhat lax with the men, among whom were a few Negroes who used to slip off for a nap in the dark corners.

"Small use it would be looking for black men in the dark," said Danny, and deducted the absence from their time cards. After that they kept awake. They had learned something about Danny, and Danny had learned something about men on a night shift.

The co-eds are as busy as the boys. Two of them do their outside college work by managing the Dayton Club House, where thirty or more of the young women students live while employed in the Dayton business houses.

"Housework is not popular with girls, especially with college girls," said one of the young managers. "They are looking for a career when, if they did but know it, their career often lies right before them in the house. Managing a home and trying to make both ends meet when the means are scanty is a job to tax the intelligence, and it is an interesting one, too. And when you come to think of it, everybody has to live in a home.

"ONE of our girls entered when the college had no outside work that they thought good for her at the time, so they assigned her to her own mother as maid. That may sound strange to you, but mother and daughter pronounced the experiment a success. Doing housework to a standard satisfactory to the college authorities and the mistress of the house was a far, far different thing than filling in on the maid's day out. It took on the aspect of a career."

The college students' jobs are as varied as their interests and abilities. They are building up industries, stringing wires, running factory departments, selling goods, tending babies, making menus, and then turning to their desks and studying science and art and literature and languages—doing it all with an inquiring mind which says, "Why? How? What of it? What next?"

Boys and girls, shoulder to shoulder in training for the job of helping America develop. One cannot say of them, "No maturity, no responsibility." They will stand out as well-rounded, self-directing, self-sustaining citizens, ready to assume the leadership for which they have been prepared.

The president of the college expresses his aim clearly:

"There are many professional schools training specialists, but comparatively few training generalists—men who can coördinate the elements of business and make things happen."

"And make things happen." Isn't that what every boy and girl longs to do? Isn't that precisely what we hope they will learn to do when we send them to college?

When you take a student at the high tide of his growth and instill in him a vision of work and culture and service you combine the most powerful of human forces. Work alone is not enough. It is good, but its limit is soon reached. Culture is good, but it floats above men's heads unless weighted with action and responsibility.

The student who for six years mingles scholarship and work, knowledge and its application, beauty and utility, and a fine appreciation of people, will never be able to separate them in his thought. To him they will present one idea—service. Whatever he does must bear the stamp of his rare quality.

Truly the old order changeth, and Antioch, once more pioneering, points the way.

THE END

The White House, as seen from the east.
© Ewing Galloway.

The Washington Whirligig

By JULIAN STREET

President Coolidge.
© Harris & Ewing.

GLIMPSES of Life and Manners in Our Kaleidoscopic National Capital, as Sketched by the Boswell of American Cities

A glimpse of the Blue Room in the White House.
© P. & A. Photo.

Mrs. Coolidge.
© P. & A. Photo.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Custom decrees that guests remain at White House social functions until the President indicates the affair is over?

In official society no guest departs until the ranking lady and gentleman leave?

There was a time when "the embassy people" dominated Washington society, and an invitation to the British embassy was the coveted badge of ultimate social distinction? The war changed all that, and now Washington social life is primarily American.

There are one hundred and sixty-five blocs active in Washington?

No American city has so many different social cliques as the national capital?

Bitter foes in public life may meet and dine in friendly fashion in social life?

Giving dinners is one of the fine arts in Washington?

Secretary Hoover has suggested that former Cabinet members might be of great help by serving in Congress, representing districts that desire them, after the English system?

I.

UNQUESTIONABLY Washington is the most highly individualized city in the United States. Besides being the only great capital in the world that is not also a metropolis, it is the only American city of five hundred thousand population which is negligible industrially.

Whether one considers Washington merely as a city of homes or includes in the consideration the splendid parks and public buildings, it is the handsomest of American cities; but the two parts of it are curiously separate, and the piles of stone and marble with the parks surrounding them could be fenced off from the residence district like a World's Fair ground.

Citizens of Washington are differentiated from the rest of us politically, for though they pay taxes they have no vote. Their local taxes do not, however, suffice to maintain the city; Congress appropriates forty per cent of the cost of maintenance, sixty per cent only being paid by citizens of the District of Columbia. Yet local taxes in the District are rather high than otherwise.

Nowhere in the land is the art of dinner giving better understood than in the capital, and the dinners are of many kinds.

The amount of "inside stuff" known by the Washington correspondents causes invitations to Gridiron Club dinners to be so eagerly sought by important men all over the country. The Gridiron Club is made up of leading correspondents, and it is the custom for the President and other high government officials to attend the dinners of the club, where a kind of vaudeville is given by club members, in which Washington conditions are satirized so broadly as to make many a high dignitary at the table squirm. The speeches delivered at Gridiron dinners are never published, and the theory is that government officials speak rather more freely at such gatherings than they do habitually.

Official dinners are generally heavy, for people must be placed at table not according to congeniality but by the inexorable law of precedence, but there are certain celebrated hostesses who give small dinners at which important men discuss important matters in an informal way, and there are other hostesses, having a liberal taste in human nature, who give large dinners to which they invite oddly assorted guests, making a specialty of assembling persons of opposing party and opinion.

At a dinner of the latter kind last spring I saw Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana—

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Secretary and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, popular hosts in official Washington life.
Underwood & Underwood Photo.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

who was at that time violently investigating former Attorney General Daugherty—seated beside Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General under Daugherty and one of his stanch supporters. The two talked pleasantly, if guardedly. That is the Washington rule. When people meet socially they are expected to lay aside their political controversies, however sharp these may be. It is a practical rule, of course, but it seems to me that there is a tendency in Washington social life to carry tolerance too far.

It is one thing to be civil to a doubtful character when you meet him at someone else's house, and quite another to accept invitations to his house or invite him to your own. In politics even more than in business it apparently becomes necessary, sometimes, for men of high position and high principles to deal with those they would prefer to avoid, but for this very reason the honest man or woman in politics ought to draw the social line sharply. His contacts with men of low political type—if he must have them—should emphatically be business contacts only.

Expediency, however, makes strange dinner parties, and anyone who has met the celebrated ogres must have been struck by the fact that ogres often have delightfully human traits. Former Attorney General Daugherty, for example, is reputed to have great personal charm, and Mr. William J. Burns, whose methods as Daugherty's chief detective suggested those of the Russian secret police, is in a way a likable person because of his cleverness and force.

© Harris & Ewing.

A very characteristic aspect of the city has been mentioned by the gifted Princess Bibesco, wife of the Roumanian minister and daughter of the former British Premier and Mrs. Asquith.

"Washington," she has written, "never seems to me to be a part of the pattern and the fabric of the United States. The relation of the capital to the country is the relation of a window box to a building."

To anyone who watched the actions of the last Congress it must be painfully evident that the national window box is in sore need of weeding; but lamentably the metaphorical weed, like the literal weed, is more tenacious than the flower. The really able men, the patriotic, fearless men who are anxious to be returned to Congress, desire reëlection because of the kind of service they feel themselves equipped to render the country, but they are not in the least afraid, so far as concerns their material well being, of losing their jobs, for they could do far better financially in other jobs. The incompetents, on the other hand, the weeds of Congress, actually fear to lose their salaries, and most of our troubles are due to the cowardly voting of such men.

"WHAT the American people do not realize," a high government official said to me, "is that the blocs—I have counted one hundred and sixty-five of them—which are enforcing the will of various organized minorities upon the country by intimidating Congressmen, are really soviets, using the methods of the soviets.

"In his appeal to his constituency the average representative is working on a margin that enables any single strong bloc to upset him. If he has his eye on reëlection it becomes his problem to decide which blocs he will stand with in order to get their support, or else to try to propitiate everybody by splitting both ways on everything."

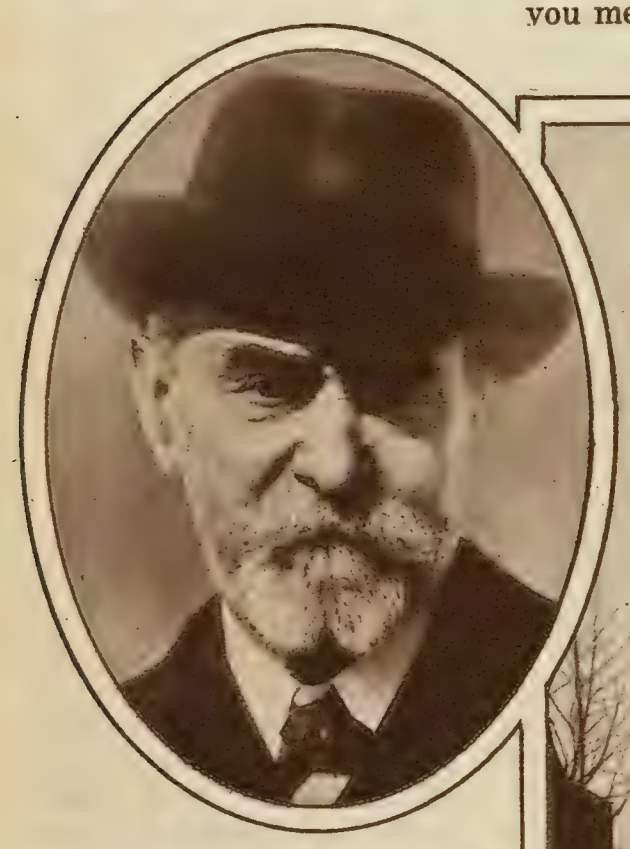
I am more fortunate in one respect than the average citizen, for the Congressional district in which I live—the Fourth District of New Jersey—is represented in Congress by an able, honest, and interesting man.

Representative Charles Browne is a graduate of Princeton University and of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, and though he does not belong to the political party to which I feebly cling, but is a Democrat, my own party would have a hard time finding a man who could get my vote away from Doctor Browne.

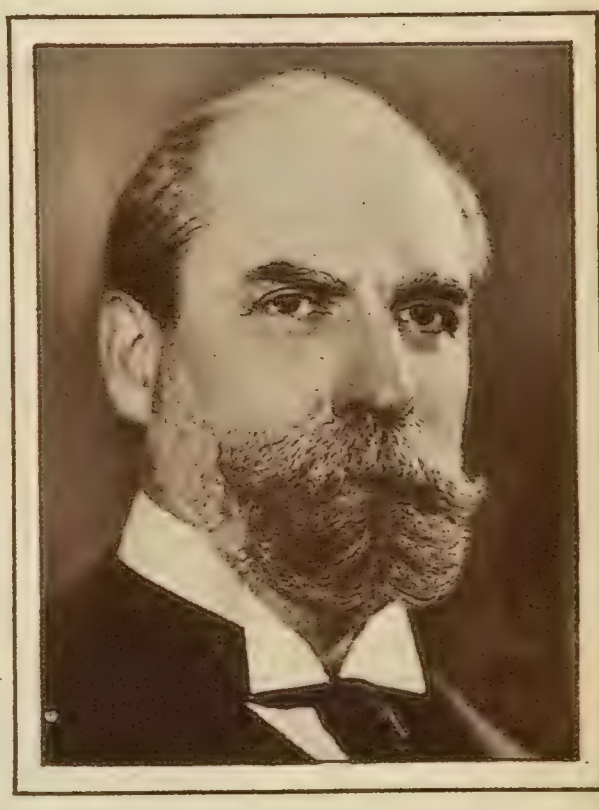
Since going to the House of Representatives he has made it a habit to report every week to his constituents in letters published in the Trenton *Times-Advertiser*, and his breezy, intelligent comments on the Washington situation make better reading than ninety-five per cent of the Washington correspondence published in the metropolitan dailies.

In one of his early letters he made the following declaration, which I commend to the consideration of his colleagues of both parties:

"Obviously every question has two sides; a member of Congress cannot please everyone. Your representative promises to consider con-



Jules Jusserand, for many years dean of the diplomatic corps, and his official residence, the French Embassy on Sixteenth Street. He has just been recalled, after twenty-two years in Washington.
Kadel & Herbert Photo



Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State.
© Underwood & Underwood.

scientiously every bill upon which he must vote. He endeavors to get all the information available from both sides, and he hopes to judge as nearly disinterestedly as is humanly possible. He will try to be absolutely non-partisan upon matters which should be non-political, and, finally, he serves notice that his vote cannot be coerced or influenced by threats, sentimental appeals, or offers of support next fall. He regards his present duty as more important than any personal consideration in the coming electio and he will continue his policy as previou outlined: 'The country first, the state, including the district, second, and party last.'"

Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover has a theory as to how the personnel of Congress might be improved. He believes the country would be greatly benefited if former Cabinet members would run for Congress. It would require courage and devotion on their part, but most of them have courage and devotion. A few men possessing experience and skill in government, familiar with the difficulties of administration, would, Secretary Hoover feels, be of inestimable value in creating a more understanding attitude between the legislative and executive branches of the government.

"If we had in Congress today," Secretary Hoover said to me, "the members of the last Cabinet, or a group of them, it would be of great practical advantage. Of course, it might not be politically feasible for former Cabinet members to run from their home districts in cases where those districts were already represented in Congress by good men, but there must be districts in various parts of the country that would like to be represented in Congress by this or that member of a retired Cabinet, and it might be possible to alter the election laws to permit these men to run from districts other than their own, according to the English system."

II.

THE Washington social season begins in November and ends about June first, when the embassies and the great houses go to sleep behind closed shutters and the tires of the sightseeing busses leave scars on the simmering asphalt. But, though ambassadors, Senators, Representatives, and prosperous residents leave the city in the summer, the departments and bureaus continue to operate and the city becomes only half dormant.

Though everyone who knew Washington society of old will tell you that there is less formality now than ever before, the outsider is able to detect here and there signs of the old régime. In the season one sees occasionally amid the motor traffic of the streets a well appointed horse-drawn brougham with a stiff coachman on the box, and perhaps a cockaded footman. Also certain social customs practiced in Washington exist nowhere else.

Except in the younger and more emancipated circles, it is still customary to pay dinner calls promptly, and the terrible industry of card dropping, to which, in the old days, fashionable women gave most of their afternoons, continues—though the motor has speeded up the process. The wives of Cabinet members have not less than one thousand five hundred people to call on, but, according to Washington convention, they do not actually have to appear in person, it being considered sufficient, in most cases, to send a chauffeur to deliver cards.

Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne, wife of the Belgian Ambassador. © Harris & Ewing.

Princess Antoine Bibesco, wife of the Roumanian Envoy, daughter of ex-Premier Herbert Asquith of Great Britain. © Kadel & Herbert.

One of the practical gentlemen of the Cabinet has suggested—half humorously, one supposes—that a clearing house for visiting cards be established, the cards being placed in pigeonholes at some central office from which they may be collected from time to time en masse.

There is a long standing convention about days-at-home. The wives of members of the judiciary always have their days-at-home on

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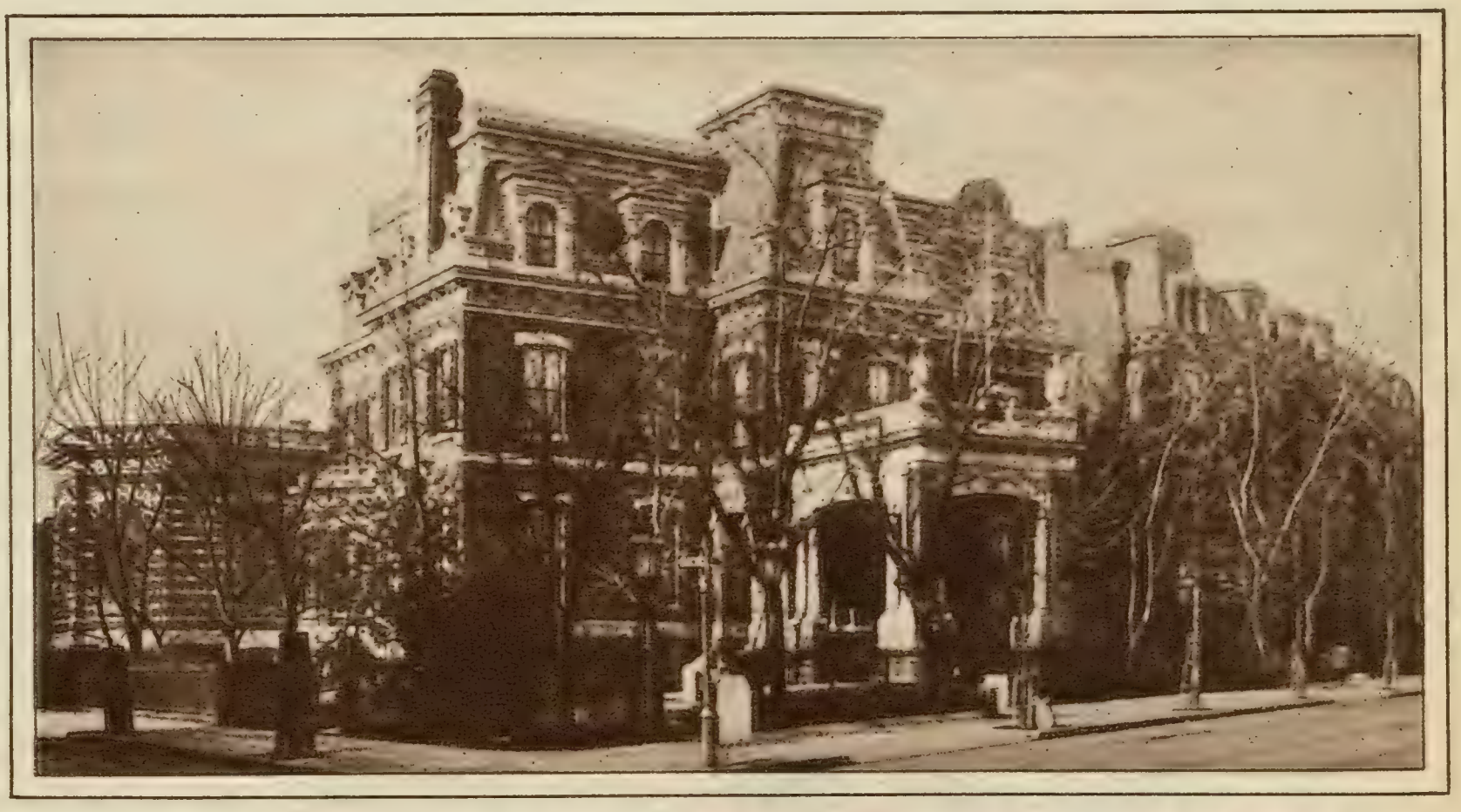
William Howard Taft, only living ex-President of the United States, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.



The British Embassy, one of the most pretentious and handsome official residences in Washington.

If you pride yourself on business efficiency

these shaving betterments will appeal

THIS is an age of change. But makeshifts lure no man. Only the super-things appeal.

We believe in the survival of the fittest. So please consider what we offer.

We offer the *only* safety razor with a self-stropping device. This patented automatic feature restores our blade to new-like keenness for each shave.

Contrast this with ordinary razors, in which the blades dull with each successive shave until they must be thrown away.

With the Valet AutoStrop Razor a blade lasts two or three times the average life and each shave is a perfect shave.

A few strokes on the strop and our razor regains its barber's edge—super-keen.

The world's fastest shave

The faster the shave, we say, the better. For a speedy once-over requires a super-keen blade. Slow shaving means "pulling," abrasions, discomfort. All are unnecessary, and we can prove it.

We invite comparison. Just change to a Valet AutoStrop Razor. Give it a fair test against your former way—use it for a month or two. We believe you'll never change back to harsh crude shaving.

The Valet AutoStrop Razor is a many-year development, a final-type advancement. It brings perfections found in no other razor. You owe it to yourself to make a comparison. Why delay?

Valet Auto Strop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 656 First Avenue, New York City

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

Mondays; the wives of Representatives receive on Tuesdays, those of the Cabinet and the wife of the Speaker of the House receive on Wednesdays, Senators' wives on Thursdays, and the diplomatic corps on Fridays.

Of course, this does not mean that all ladies in the above categories are at home every week throughout the season on these respective days, but only that when setting their days-at-home they are invariably governed by the tradition mentioned above. The wife of a justice of the Supreme Court, for instance, may have only two or three days at home during the season, but her days will always fall on Mondays, and so it goes with the other ladies and their receiving days.

THE President and the Secretary of State have definite social duties which they cannot escape, but other members of the Cabinet are able, if they so desire—and if their wives agree in the desire—to avoid extensive social activity. Society is merely the frosting on the Washington cake, and those who care little for the frosting are able to escape it. Secretary and Mrs. Hoover, for example, make it a rule to dine out not oftener than once a week, and business conferences are more frequent than purely social gatherings at the Hoover table.

The wives of members of the present administration have cut down considerably on entertaining, but, even so, on their days-at-home their houses are jammed, as many as two thousand callers sometimes appearing. According to Washington custom, strangers may call on such occasions, and if the house happens to be small the line will often reach down the street—for, of course, Washington is full of silly people who enjoy indiscriminate calling and make it a point to go to official at-homes.

I have heard that certain girls' boarding schools advertise that pupils are given the benefit of the brilliant social life of the capital, and that, to make this statement good, the girls are herded on receiving days to official at-homes and to embassies, where they are entirely unknown, but where, according to the custom, they have a technical right to appear.

I was told of one instance in which a teacher and a lot of schoolgirls, intending to call at a certain embassy, got to the wrong place. However, it was an embassy, and the ambassador's wife discovered their mistake. But she did not reveal it to them. Instead she received them kindly, served them tea, and sent them away satisfied.

Until the war the embassy people ran Washington society, but with the war the American capital grew up, and now the social life of the city is primarily American, and the foreigners take their proper place in the composition, adding a note of color but by no means dominating the entire foreground.

A lady long familiar with fashionable life in Washington tells me that in the old days an invitation to dinner at the British embassy was preferred by socially ambitious people above an invitation to the White House, but that is no longer the case, and the tendency of very young men in the State Department to ape British manners and the British accent is said also to have diminished of late years.

Of the President certain things are by long custom definitely expected in the way of entertaining. In November there is always a reception to the diplomatic corps, followed, as the season advances, by receptions to the judiciary, to Congress, and to the Army and Navy. In the receiving line with the President and his wife, on these occasions, are members of the Cabinet and their wives.

Also the President gives a series of state dinners: one to the diplomatic corps, one to the justices of the Supreme Court, and one to the Speaker of the House, to each of which a few special guests are invited.

These receptions and dinners are held at night. The White House dinner hour is eight, and instead of arriving a little late, according to the custom elsewhere, it is considered good form for White House dinner guests to be a little early. The company gathers in the Blue Room, where those who are not acquainted are introduced to each other by the President's senior naval and military aids.

WHEN all are present a line is formed, according to precedence, the ranking person present standing at the right of the door. In dinners to the diplomatic corps, M. Jules Jusserand, the French ambassador, who had been in Washington longer than any of his colleagues, took precedence until he was recalled. Behind the ranking ambassador, the others line up according to their length of service. The President and his wife are then escorted down to the Blue Room by the two aids, who precede them through the door and present the guests to them.

The presentation over, one of the aids escorts the lady guest of honor to the President, who gives her his arm and leads the way to dinner, followed by his wife on the arm of the ranking gentleman. The other gentlemen have been given, on arriving, cards bearing the names of the ladies they are to escort to dinner, and they seek out their partners and follow in the order of their precedence.

The President does not sit at the head of the table, but at the center on one side, with his wife opposite.

The other guests, on entering the White House, consult a plat of the table on which their places are indicated; these arrangements are always regulated with the utmost care, rulings, where the order of precedence is complicated, being given by the State Department.

Ambassadors and ministers, representing as they do their sovereigns or their governments, are likely to be exacting about precedence on official occasions, but the average broad gauge official is not as a rule disposed to make too great a point of it. The wives, however, are not infrequently great sticklers, and sometimes, when they think they have been put a notch too low at table, do not trouble to conceal their annoyance.

Precedence among cabinet members runs according to the seniority of departments. When the government was first formed there were but four departments, and in the event of the death of a President and a Vice President the heads of these departments would succeed to the Presidency in the following order: The Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, and the Attorney General. In effect, therefore, Mr. Hughes is now Vice President as well as Secretary of State. Next in order to the heads of the four original departments come, successively, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior. By an act of Congress the seven Cabinet officers mentioned above would succeed to the Presidency in the order named in case a series of deaths made such a thing possible, but as the act was passed in 1886, before the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and Labor were created, the Cabinet members heading these departments are not in line for the Presidency.

THERE are a number of peculiar points about etiquette and precedence in Washington, and the most peculiar of them all, it seems to me, is the rule that no one must go home from a party until after the ranking lady and gentleman leave. Thus if a Cabinet member and his wife are dining out, and an assistant secretary of a Congressman who is present wishes to take his wife home early, he will hesitate to do so, and if obliged to will apologize for leaving before the higher official; and as women take their husbands' rank, the same rule applies to a "hen" party.

There is not, so far as I know, another capital in the world where this curious practice is followed. It is Washington's own particular inanity, and it seems to me comparable with that other inane custom which causes men to remove their hats when they walk down the long corridor of the New Willard Hotel and put them on again when they reach either end of the corridor.

A rather unusual situation prevailed when President Harding first entered the White House in that he had difficulty in getting his guests to go home. White House etiquette prescribes that guests remain seated until the President indicates that the affair is ended. But President Harding was not aware of this at first, or at least did not feel disposed to dictate to his guests, with the result that frequently White House guests remained for quite protracted periods, the guests waiting for the President to take the initiative, while he waited, expecting them to withdraw when they desired. Eventually, however, he was compelled to form the habit of indicating that the affair of the evening was ended, though to do so chafed his spirit of hospitality.

The capital's oldest bone of contention with regard to precedence is that between the Secretary of State and the Chief Justice as to which should precede the other; but as Secretary Hughes and Chief Justice Taft are genial gentlemen they do not come to blows over the matter. The Secretary of State is generally thought to have a little bit the better of the argument, and as it is he who settles questions of precedence he would seem to be strategically in the more favorable position.

To illustrate the complications arising out of questions of precedence, a Washington lady told me the following story: At the residence of a Senator who was a great stickler for etiquette the *chargé d'affaires* of a foreign embassy was seated at dinner on the right of the hostess, and a Senator was seated on her left. A lady having no connection with the government was present, and when, a few nights later, she gave a dinner at which the same Senator and *chargé d'affaires* were guests she placed them as they had been placed before—the *chargé* at her right. But, though the first hostess placed them properly, the second one did not; for the first hostess was the wife of a Senator, and when one Senator entertains another the guest counts as one of the family, so to speak, whereas in a non-senatorial household a Senator outranks a *chargé d'affaires*.

A certain ambassador, I was told, met a lot of pleasant and informal people and decided to give a dinner that would not be run according to the book of etiquette. When the company moved in to dinner he let his guests seat themselves. All would have been well had he not made the mistake of inviting another ambassador and his wife; but the wife, when she found she had not been seated at the host's right, was indignant, and immediately after dinner she had her husband take her home. Which put an end to ambassadorial experiments in informality.

Such members of the diplomatic corps as I have met seem to desire that in ordinary social intercourse as little emphasis as possible be laid on their official status. I remember seeing the secretary of an embassy, on taking his place at table at a large dinner party, quickly get rid of a dinner card on which his official title was set forth; and I heard an ambassador speak ironically of a party he had attended at which, he said, there was "a great deal of Mister Ambassadoring."

THE physical plan of Washington, with avenues radiating from circles, might be taken as a symbol of the city's social makeup, for no other city in the country has so many social cliques. Official society is divided and subdivided ad infinitum, and I am told that minor functionaries in the various government departments are sometimes more exacting about precedence in their own circles than are their superiors in theirs.

Outside the broad group making up official society there are many other groups. The "cavedwellers," as they are called, are old Washingtonians who pride themselves on their permanence and their independence of officialdom; also, there are Army groups and Navy groups, junior and senior, active and retired; and there are quantities of people having comfortable incomes who like to spend their winters in Washington because it is a pleasant place.

Again, there are congressional groups, variously divided, and so on and on, down to the lobbyists, who associate generally with such Congressmen as they can. One sees them lunching and dining in the hotels and comes to recognize a cast of countenance belonging to them. A survey of the physiognomies to be seen in a Washington hotel lobby is enough to sadden one; selfishness, craft, cynicism, and pomposity are broadly written everywhere.

WHEN, in Washington, I feel myself becoming downcast, wondering what the country is coming to, I like to think of Secretary Hoover, and, if possible, to see him for a little while, just as during the war I used to turn to Roosevelt. It is a comfort to know that there is such a man about.

The country has not heard much of Mr. Hoover in the last few years, but he has been quietly pounding away in his invariably efficient manner and, Hooverlike, has made the Department of Commerce an infinitely more useful and important department of the government than it was before or could have become without him.

It is impossible here to give even a bare outline of the work accomplished, but a few points may be mentioned. The keynote of the Hoover organization is coöperation. Over four hundred conferences have been held with representatives of various industries and professions with a view to improving conditions in those industries and professions and conditions of life in the United States. Enormous good has been done and enormous savings have been effected, to the benefit not only of the industries but of the public.

A recent achievement is the complete standardization of the lumber industry and the provision of exact rules for the grading of all lumber. A faint idea of the need for such rules may be gathered from the fact that there existed, before standardization was accomplished, thirty-two different versions of what constituted a one inch board. Now there is but one version. Any purchaser can tell, by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Marriage *Is a* Lottery

to every woman and to most men, even when the contracting parties have gone to school together and munched from the same apple.

But how about girls who have never seen their prospective husbands, and men who have never seen their prospective wives, before they step up to the altar together—marrying on the strength of photographs alone?

Richard Adams tells all about this odd phase of American life, knitting together the old world and the new, in an article entitled

PICKING *a* WIFE *from a* PICTURE

In Next Week's Liberty

Give Him a
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BELT, BUCKLE
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For Christmas
Packed in a Beautiful Gift Box
Now shown by Leading Men's Shops, Department Stores, Etc.

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FREE To Housewives

Send us your name and we will send you FREE and POSTPAID, a 10-cent bottle of LIQUID VENEER. Wonderful for your daily dusting. Cleans, dusts and polishes with one sweep of your dust cloth. Renews pianos, furniture, woodwork, automobiles. Makes everything look like new. Makes dusting a pleasure. Moreover, we will tell you how to obtain, FREE, a

$2.00 LIQUID VENEER MOP

Has removable swab for washing, all yarn center, adjustable handle and many other exclusive features. You'll be delighted. Every housewife needs one. Will not cost you one penny. Write now for your FREE sample and particulars.

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POLISHING PRODUCTS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

reference to a departmental pamphlet, whether he is getting the grade of lumber he ordered. He has only to count and measure the knots per board, and apply certain other simple tests, to discover the grade of the lumber. By this work alone the Department of Commerce has saved the people a vast number of millions annually.

Likewise by coöperation, Hoover, with the aid of the late President Harding, got the twelve hour day abolished in the steel industry. He has regulated radio broadcasting. He has been an important factor in the preparation of the departmental reorganization bill, under which it is proposed to regroup the one hundred and twenty-nine departments and bureaus of the government on the basis of purpose, preventing duplication of effort and consequent friction and waste. Here a saving of fifty to one hundred millions a year can be made.

A STRIKING feature about the Department of Commerce is its personnel. Anyone familiar with the spirit of the average government department must sense a difference when he makes contact with the Hoover outfit. The atmosphere is not the stagnant, bureaucratic atmosphere one so often encounters in Washington, but is more like that one finds in the head office of some highly organized and efficient corporation. Only a man of the highest type could gather around him the kind of men and women Hoover has as his assistants.

Mr. Hoover is an indefatigable worker. His business day begins at 8 A. M., when he breakfasts with a secretary at his elbow; he generally leaves his office between six and seven in the evening, holds conferences at dinner and afterward, and calls it a day when the last conferees and the second—or third—shift stenographer depart from his house at night.

YET even so fine a public servant as Secretary Hoover is not free from attack. One attack was founded on a rumor that in order to secure expert assistance in certain departmental work Hoover had supplemented from his private fortune the meager salaries provided by the government. On the face of it, such action would not seem discreditable, but it is forbidden by law.

I mentioned the matter to Secretary Hoover.

"No," he said, "I didn't reinforce any salaries, and I am assured by my legal bureau that the thing I actually did is entirely within the law. A number of the young men in the department have to travel extensively in connection with their work, and as the government allowance for travel is only four dollars a day above the cost of transportation, the men have either to spend their own money or practice painful economy.

"To correct this condition, several of us who could afford it put our salaries into a pot, creating a fund for extra travel money." And, with a smile, the secretary quoted, "'If this be treason, make the most of it.'"

Having thus defended Secretary Hoover—who, if I am any judge of popular sentiment, needs no defense—I wish also to say something of Theodore Roosevelt, who, as I write, has just resigned the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy to run for Governor of New York.

Colonel Roosevelt has at once the advantage and the disadvantage of bearing a great name. If at the beginning of his political career the name was an asset, it should not be forgotten that it continually invites comparison of a most trying kind. Young Theodore Roosevelt is the only man in the country of whom it is required that he shall measure up to Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President of the United States. Even our subsequent Presidents have not been put to such a test.

Theodore Roosevelt, the father, entered politics at the age of twenty-four; Theodore Roosevelt, the son, at thirty-two. Theodore Roosevelt, the father, became a lieutenant colonel at thirty-nine; Theodore Roosevelt, the son, at thirty-one, and both were decorated for gallantry in action; the father became Assistant Secretary of the Navy at thirty-nine, the son at thirty-three. So far as such a method of comparison goes, then, the record of the son is highly creditable.

He has, moreover, many of his father's qualities. He is clear-headed, earnest, able. Like all Roosevelts, he has an amazing memory; like all of them, he is magnetic; like all of them, he roars exuberantly in conversation. He is a capable and devoted public servant.

THE END

VARIETIES

NEEDS

By Charles Hanson Towne

I want a little house
  Upon a little hill,
With lilacs laughing at the door
  When afternoons are still.

I want an apple tree
  Laden with drifts of bloom;
I want blue china all about
  In every little room.

I want a little path
  Bordered with brilliant phlox,
And on each windowsill I want
  A painted flower box.

And then—I want *you* there
  In sun, and frost, and rain,
To smile when I come trudging home
  Through a dim, scented lane.

For what's a little house
  Upon a little hill,
Unless you light the fire for me
  When nights are strangely still?

A CLASS BY HIMSELF

Two men in the hall of a theater on a first night were talking about a third, who was a few yards away, also engaged in conversation.

Said one, reflectively, "Why is Smith always with someone who hates him?"

"Well," replied the other, "you wouldn't have him always alone, would you?"

QUITE UNNECESSARY

"With all due deference, my boy, I think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello!' as you Americans do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say: 'Are you there?' Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use in going on with the conversation."

HORRIBLE SITUATION

Wife—Did you hear about Jones, the bank cashier, stealing fifty thousand and running away with his friend's wife?

Husband—Good heaven! Who'll teach his Sunday school class tomorrow?

EPIGRAMS

By Carlotta Montmartin

When passion and common sense meet, one retreats.

—o—

Youth is a dissenter—age a standpatter.

—o—

Woman generally knows when to commence a love affair, but rarely when to quit.

—o—

Sister, if sunshine did not melt that icy heart of his, rain will not do so!

—o—

A stiff upper lip may be an asset, but a stiff spine is an obstacle.

—o—

It takes a great deal of judgment to have just the right amount of modesty.

—o—

Love as a promiser beats a patent medicine advertisement.

—o—

You are apt to mistake yourself for what you pretend to be.

—o—

Unwise things are generally agreeable ones.

WILL ROGERS

The World Laughs with Him

With a Cartoon By RALPH BARTON

By CHARLES W. LOBDELL

Welcome Everywhere—At Ease with Millionaires and Royalty—A Philosopher Who Grins While He Preaches —He Has Roped and Joked His Way to Fame and Fortune

WILL ROGERS is the highest paid comedian in America. Star of the Follies, drawing royalties from pictures, earning large sums by writing for magazines, syndicates, newspapers, and receiving enormous fees for speaking at dinners, conventions, and other gatherings, he is the only cowpuncher who ever got a vote for President in a national convention.

The world is paying him more than a hundred thousand dollars a year for telling the truth, for exposing its own weaknesses and failings, and making us laugh—not at him, but at ourselves as he sees us.

Rogers, homely, hearty, rough of speech, sometimes uncouth in appearance, one day plays with his pal, the Prince of Wales, dines with millionaires, jokes with Presidents and with candidates, laughs with the society leaders of the land, men and women, and has just as much fun as they do. He is about the only man I know in these United States who takes the Constitution seriously in respect to all men being free and equal.

Twenty years ago, when I first saw him, he was working down in St. Louis with a Wild West show, without money, his chief capital being his grin, his chewing gum, his belief that most people are honest and that the world is all right and a good place for decent people to live in. He came wandering around the Democratic national convention, which was in a turmoil, grinned broadly, and hunted around until he got a good look at W. J. Bryan, and went away grinning. In 1924 he sat beside Bryan as a fellow reporter of the Democratic convention. On the lot he told his experiences to his fellow cowpunchers, and they rolled on the ground laughing at his description of the Democratic party in travail.

Rogers had retailed laughs in many parts of the world—but it was not until 1907 that he commenced to wholesale them from the stage. Since then he has been the biggest wholesaler in his line.

Rogers is about the onriest fellow to analyze I ever handled—not because he is so complex but because he is so simple and so straightforward.

Perhaps one reason I cannot find anything very funny in his say-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Characteristic Rogers Jokes

WILL ROGERS is the most popular and most beloved of all comedians for one reason. He always laughs at himself, makes fun of himself. His wit is never barbed with the poison of malice. No one ever gets mad, but all laugh with Rogers, who is one of the few men in the world who can make people laugh at themselves.

Some of the biggest laughs he has raised have been enjoyed as much by the victims as by the audience. The biggest laughs he can remember out of the continuous laugh which greets that old gum-chewing cowboy were these:

When Ma Ferguson was nominated for Governor of Texas, Rogers said: "I see where Texas has gone from the nightgown back to the petticoats. When I say Ma was elected, I mean elected; I don't mean nominated, for when you nominate a Democrat in Texas they stay nominated.

"A man voting the Republican ticket in Texas would have the same racial standing that a gentile would have in New York City."

* * *

The joke which caused the Prince of Wales to shake with laughter was about falling off a horse. "I, too, fall off a horse every time I play polo," said Rogers. "The falls I've gotten don't receive as much publicity as the Prince's but they hurt just as much. The blood I spill is not royal, but it's all mine. I don't care how common your blood is, you don't want to waste any of it."

* * *

"I see where Kid McCoy is going to plead insanity. If he has saved his marriage certificates, he can prove it.

"Nine marriage certificates will beat any alienist's testimony in a plea for insanity."

* * *

One night General Plutarcho Elias Calles, who had just been elected President of Mexico, was in the audience. Will introduced him to the audience as a novelty—the only living President of Mexico. In telling what a smart man Calles was Rogers said:

"President Plutarcho Elias Calles was elected in the afternoon and left Mexico that night."

* * *

His solution of the New York traffic problem caused New Yorkers to roar. He suggested that the cars move East on Monday and West on Tuesday.

* * *

When John W. Davis was nominated for President, Will sent him the following telegram: "I understand you are to be associated with one of the Bryan boys. For the Lord's sake pick the right one."

* * *

This one gets a big laugh:

"We can't have another war; we haven't got a slogan."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

ings, except when he says them, is that I was raised in the country, never got city broke, and saw a lot of untrained and rough duplicates of Rogers. Persons who are raised on farms think their own thoughts, reach their own conclusions, while most folks in cities lose their individuality of thought. The thought of the immense mass intimidates them.

In the country the power of observation develops; the countryman thinks for himself and has time to meditate while plowing, riding range, or digging fence-post holes. If you add the encouragement of a laugh and the power of expression you have the making of another Will Rogers.

I feel the same way when I listen to Rogers drawing roar after roar from the audience of the Follies, baring with his keen wit the weaknesses of New Yorkers, as did Chris Duffy when Senator Billy Mason took him to a show.

Chris came from down at Ottawa, Illinois, and, meeting the then Senator in Chicago, was invited to attend a performance of George Ade's The County Chairman, a reigning comedy hit. The play was political, and the characters portrayed were the politicians of a small town. During the performance Mason, fat and jolly, rolled in his chair, shaking from laughter. Duffy scarcely smiled. After it was over Mason asked:

"What's the matter, Chris, didn't you enjoy it?"

"Oh, yes!" said Chris. "But I see the same thing every day down home."

In watching Rogers we country folk are likely to see the homely truths we see every day, while the city people hear only the wit and miss the underlying truth because they haven't seen them.

TO understand the real Will Rogers it is necessary to study his life. He was born out in Oklahoma, when it was part of the Indian Territory. He was forty miles from a general store, living on a ranch in the rolling, almost treeless, country where cattle ranged for hundreds of miles. His father was one-eighth Cherokee Indian, his mother was one-quarter Cherokee. Most of the rest of the blood in him is English and Irish.

You need not feel any hesitation about mentioning his Indian blood to Bill Rogers. The fact, I sometimes suspect, is that he is prouder of his Indian blood than he is of his other strains. For this man is different from many who call themselves Americans in these days. He is proud of being an American, and proud of being an Oklahoman—and the pride of family is strong within him. I doubt if he would trade a little of that truly American mixture for a quart of the best of the Mayflower blood.

Not that Rogers thinks he is better than others, because his ancestors were pioneers and leaders. In fact he says you often find a nubbin on the finest stalk of corn. But he is proud of the fact that Rogers County, Oklahoma, was named for the family, that his father was a strong man with both Indians and settlers, and one of the men who wrote the constitution of Oklahoma.

After Oklahoma was opened for settlement and the rush of whites to settle the land, Rogers moved closer to town without moving from the ranch. Claymore brought him within twelve miles of a store when the town was founded.

Those who knew him as a boy said he was always the same. He didn't talk much, just kept those keen, dancing eyes busy, ready to grin or laugh at any time—or fight. He was strong, a good rider, a horse breaker when he was fourteen, and one of the best ropers around the country before he was eighteen.

How he learned all the things he knows is a mystery. When asked if he went to school, he laughed and said:

"Dog-gone, yes! Studied McGuffey's Fourth Reader ten years and knew more about it than McGuffey did."

He was always ready with a laugh, a joke, ready to entertain, even to sing a song. Yet his old friends among the cowpunchers, fellows who were on the roundup and rodeo with him, all swear that he did not talk much as a boy; or they do not remember that he did. They remember he was a hard worker, a cool, level headed fellow, who was well liked.

Rogers made money. The cow business in Oklahoma prospered, and yet Rogers yearned for wilder frontiers. He was about twenty-one when the desire to pioneer came over him. There didn't seem to be much Wild West left after Oklahoma began to fill up and Rogers wanted Wild West.

Funny thing about those fellows: Rogers didn't drink, he wasn't a "heller" and while he liked his fun or frolic as well as the next cowpuncher, he was far from the fighting, rearing, gun-shooting cowboy of fiction. He wore a gun and could use it, but in those parts and those days men used guns discreetly. They never reached for them without expecting smoke.

HAVING accumulated twelve thousand dollars in cattle deals and desiring to roam and find wild places, Rogers planned with one of his chums to go to South America, settle in the Argentine and pioneer in the cattle industry. They traveled to New Orleans where Rogers looked over the first big city he ever had seen. Then they found a boat and decided to go to the Argentine via London. They had heard of London and thought it must be bigger than Claymore. So they went to London—and their twelve thousand capital dwindled faster and faster.

The Prince of Wales wasn't there to receive Rogers and laugh at him. In fact few in London were laughing just then. It was 1899 and the Boer War was serious. South Africa sounded just as good to Rogers as South America. There wasn't much left of the twelve thousand, anyhow, and Rogers shipped to South Africa in the British army. His knowledge of horses was invaluable and his skill in breaking and handling them earned him the big pay of ten dollars a month in the army.

The war did not last long enough for Rogers to get rich on that ten-a-month. He had his rope, his appetite, and his grin left.

Let me interpolate right here a thing Will Rogers said to me. We were talking of work and he said:

"I ain't never heard, or seen, or done or learned anything in my life that I didn't find use for some time later."

He had learned to handle a rope—or what Easterners call a lariat, and to make it do amazing things in his hands. He performed all sorts of feats with it, and he had done this frequently to amuse the Tommies and his fellows in the British army. The fame of his feats spread. Rogers knew forty cowpunchers who could do almost as well, perhaps better, if they practiced.

Rope handling was novel in South Africa. It secured him a position with Wirth's Circus, and he joined that aggregation which later gave America some famous performers. With the circus, working with horses, and doing his stunts with the rope, Rogers traveled to New Zealand, Australia and finally reached San Francisco, broke. There were no cows to rope in San Francisco. But a cowpuncher out of a job and money grins and never worries. He went back to punching cows, telling jokes, and laughing. But the circus call was strong upon him. As he says:

"I got so I couldn't punch cows without an audience."

He went back to the show business, riding, roping, doing his dances through the coils of the winding rope and the show led him to St. Louis during the exposition there.

ROGERS always had a serious liking for politics. In fact, men who live in sparsely settled regions think more about politics than do those of cities—and think along their own lines. For instance, if I'm farming down on Blinco Creek and read up on the tariff I have to think it out for myself from books or speeches. If Bill Linn, up the creek, or Al Leslie, across the ford, differ with me, I argue. They have a right to their opinion, and I to mine. But in a city, a fellow who tries to think for himself is beaten down by mass opinion. It seems presumptuous for me in New York to think one thing while five million people think differently. I don't argue—but accept the majority opinion.

Rogers was thinking about politics, and arguing. The St. Louis Convention interested him strangely. Yet he never thought his voice and his opinions might bear as great weight, perhaps greater, than those of many famous leaders.

He made his first appearance in New York in 1907—in a show at Madison Square Garden and attracted attention by his work with the rope.

An accident started him on his road to fame. You may call it an accident, yet in studying Rogers' career you will discover that each time opportunity has knocked he has been there to throw open the door. He was working in Madison Square Garden, attracting little attention in a big show, when one night a bull broke loose and stampeded. The bull was charging upon a mass of spectators, and a panic threatened. Rogers saw the danger and leaped into action. He jumped that animal and gave one of the greatest public exhibitions of bull dogging ever seen, holding the bull until help arrived.

Rogers awoke to find himself something of a hero in New York and a vaudeville agent waiting to offer him an engagement at two hundred and fifty dollars a week. He opened at the Union Square Theater, near the scene of his heroic fight with the bull. His act consisted of juggling the rope, leaping through its coils and making it do seemingly impossible things. The agent had hired him not because of the act, but because of the publicity regarding the bullfight. It was not a knockout and very far from being a "wow," but it was good as a novelty act, and paid better than circus work.

ANOTHER accident changed his career and started him toward greater success. He was working one night when the rope tangled badly and refused to do what he wanted it to do. He was getting mixed up in its coils and without thinking he remarked:

"Swingin' a rope is all right if your neck isn't in it."

He says the remark was spontaneous. He never before had said a word during his performance and the howl of laughter that greeted his words and the laugh that went with them startled him. He did not know he possessed that priceless something called

"personality." The moment he spoke and laughed, everyone else laughed.

After the performance the manager told him to work in "gags" with his act, and to keep talking while he was performing and it would liven up the act.

It was hard work for him at first—but within a few days he hit the right trail. He commenced to talk to his audience about themselves. The chatter brought round after round of applause. Every sally was greeted with a laugh. He discovered that, instead of a rope swinger, he was a monologist.

When he first started on his vaudeville career, Rogers worked with a horse, with a dash of Wild West. The horse was supposed to be a hit—but within a short time the management discovered the people wanted Rogers, not the horse, and the animal was discarded.

Probably some people think it "came natural" and was "easy," but if they knew how hard Bill Rogers studied and worked and sweated learning things, they would hold a different opinion. A man who spent ten years studying McGuffey's Fourth Reader (of course, that was Rogers' joke) and whose education was confined to prairie schools in a new, raw country, had to learn things. In a way he was not hampered by theories or by curricula—he had to take the things that came handiest. That was natural, for out in Rogers County, Oklahoma, when Rogers was a boy, they lived the same way—working with whatever material was available.

The newspapers furnished the greater part of his reading and his knowledge, and his experience knocking around the world enabled him to read between the lines.

He had the "news instinct," for every night he talked to his audience about the things in which they were interested and made jokes of the more serious things and discoursed seriously on the lighter happenings. He did not laugh at people; he laughed with them and made them laugh at themselves. He treated everyone alike.

I'VE heard Rogers for years—and have yet to hear him say anything mean or malicious. He talks right out, and if there is a sting to the truth he tells he salves it with that laugh. He makes fun of himself as well as of his audiences. He has talked bond selling to bond salesmen, merchandising to merchants, farming to farmers, railroading to railroad men, automobiles to auto salesmen and manufacturers, banking to bankers—and amid the fun one always realizes that he has read up on his subjects, that he is poking jokes at the weak point in each business, just as he does to his own business.

Rogers' great success in recent years is his intimacy with his audiences. There is something about him—his wholesome, grinning face, his wad of chewing gum (for the act wouldn't be his unless he chewed gum), and his friendliness—that makes everyone feel as if they knew him well. He talks to them, about them and himself. Half the people in the house get the impression that Rogers is talking to them alone. He picks them out of the crowd and drags them on to the stage to tell about them. If he sights prominent persons in the seats he calls them out. If they start to flee he is liable to rope them and drag them up. He has had Governor Al Smith of New York, William G. McAdoo, all sorts of prominent men on the stage, telling jokes about them and making them help him amuse the crowd. The next night he tells the audience about who he had the night before, and always speaks of their good points, after joking them on their weak ones.

ROGERS makes friends easily. Dawes, Davis, the Bryans, Governor Smith, Senators, Representatives, and prominent foreigners are his friends. He is welcome everywhere, and under the laughter the friends appreciate his hard common sense.

Will Rogers "Doing His Stuff." Photo by White Studio

He is invited to many homes of prominent people, but perhaps his greatest triumph was when the Prince of Wales "commanded" him to attend a dinner in his honor at a Long Island country club during the prince's visit to America. The prince had heard Rogers and wanted to hear him again. They sat side by side, exchanging jokes, the prince rocking with laughter, and when Rogers arose to talk the prince was his chief victim—and enjoyed it. Frequently he pulled Rogers' coat, and whispered, "Tell them the one you told me."

"Best feeder I ever had," Rogers declared afterward. "Kept plugging my act and furnishing the material both ways."

He has played with people of all classes, been welcomed warmly by the high and mighty of the earth, and feels just as much at home and as equal to anyone in a house party of princes, millionaires, and society leaders and takes as many liberties with them as he would with the gang in the bunk house. He doesn't look down on wealthy people or society people. He thinks they'd have been just as good as anyone else if they had had an equal chance.

I doubt whether he hates anyone, but he despises a hypocrite and a bunk artist. He has put the whole world on the same basis of judgment that obtains in Rogers County, Oklahoma, which means that he accepts every man as honest and straight until he proves otherwise, when he doesn't accept him at all; and he doesn't grade humanity according to class standards, holding to the old, simple creed of honesty as the basis of human worth.

He has a gift of expression; the knack of saying much in a few words. After one session of the Democratic national convention he remarked, "The most religion was preached and the least practiced in the world's history."

I think the funniest thing he ever said was to W. J. Bryan at Cleveland during the Republican national convention. Rogers and Bryan were seated side by side, covering the convention, and gossiped during the proceedings. They talked of what they were writing. Bryan was amused and entertained—and impressed. He remarked that Rogers was a humorous writer, while he was serious, and Rogers, irrepressible, laughed aloud, slapped the Great Commoner on the back, and said:

"Maybe we're both mistaken."

IN business dealings Rogers is "hard boiled." He learned business buying cattle, trading horses, matching judgment with others. He learned values and knows how to bargain and get what he wants. His family life is happy, and his devotion to the family is unchanged by any circumstances. He and his boys are great chums, and his little girl, a natural actress, graceful and pretty, dances well. Whether they will follow him on the stage depends upon themselves and their qualifications.

"If they do, they'll be able to do something. They won't go on as Bill Rogers' kids—but on their own merits."

I was sitting in his room at the hotel one afternoon when one of the "sob sisters" of the press came to see him. She wanted him to tell her all the bright things his children had ever said.

"No, ma'am," he said. "They ain't never said anything bright."

"But they must have with such a brilliant father," she insisted, smiling her most vampish smile.

"No, ma'am! They never did," he insisted. "They're just normal children. If they ever say anything bright I'll kill 'em."

Rogers is real, healthy, normal, honest. The fact that New York laughs hardest at him is encouraging. It proves that, no matter how thick the veneer of cynicism and civilization is spread upon people, they are unchanged underneath. The Follies seems a strange place to preach, but, then, the audiences do not know that Rogers is preaching to them, making them see the truth while making them laugh. That is the only way one can get by with a sermon on Broadway. The world will be better by many million laughs because of this homely, grinning, great hearted cowpuncher.

THE END

The SLACKER

A Short Story of a College Man Who Wanted to Be a Shirker

By HUGH FULLERTON

Pictures by H. J. MOWAT

I.

"AND the best I can say for you is that you're a big, lazy stiff who is throwing down the team and the school."

"What time is it?"

"What time is it? Nine o'clock, you bum. I've been off to Commons for breakfast for an hour, come back, find you still in the hay, and, after bawling you out for fifteen minutes, you wake up and ask what time is it!"

Tommy Hetherington, captain and quarter back of the Hilltop varsity team, snorted with disgust.

"I don't see why you're permitted to live," he added, gloomily.

"*Cogito, ergo sum,*" replied Peter Vendeneynden Lawrence III. "Which reminds me, Latin at 9:30. Kindly close the window."

"Cut out your confounded Latin and talk sense. I'm here on behalf of the football committee to find out why you do not try for the team. What right have you to loaf, and why——"

"Always talk Latin in the morning before class," said Peter, adjusting his tie. "Impresses hearers. As for working to get on the team; Tommy, my boy—all bunk. Why work? '*Alii sementem faciunt, alii metentem*'—'some must sow while others reap.' I'm the grand little reaper."

"You fourflush——"

"*Summa petit livor,*" murmured Peter, pouring coffee from a thermos bottle. "'Envy attacks the noblest,' as old Lucius remarked. And, speaking of livers, what's the matter with yours this morning, little playmate?"

"Matter? The team nearly licked twice by little schools; a corking backfield and good ends being ruined for lack of weight in the line, and you—weighing one hundred and seventy-seven, joy riding, girling——"

Tommy ended with incoherent spluttering.

"Corking good backfield?" murmured Peter, complacently. "Of course, with little Tommy leading it. Truly, as my pal Plautus said, '*Adolescentem verecundum esse decet*'—'modesty is a becoming ornament to a young man.'"

"How do you expect to get through here at Hilltop?" Tommy demanded.

"*Absuque sudore,* Tommy, which, crassly translated, means 'without sweat.' It would pay you to bone up on Latin——"

But Tommy, cursing, slammed out of the room.

Tommy Hetherington's report of his efforts to persuade Pete Lawrence to come out for football was interspersed with caustic comments on the character of his chum.

"It's no use unless we get more weight on the line," he said, gloomily. "Buzzy and all you fellows are doing fine work, but a one hundred and fifty-five pound man can't stop two hundred pounders, and Pete——"

Tommy hesitated to denounce his old chum openly.

"Ought to chase him out of school," stormed Brainard, whose broken collar bone had forced little Buzzy into play.

"Pete's got the wrong idea," said Tommy. "He thinks it shows brains to get by without working. He'll wake up——"

"He'll wake up—when it is too late," said Brainard. "The idea of a real man going girling when the team needs him——"

Tommy winced a trifle at the mention of girl. But at that moment and until after the Uxton game, girls had no part in his life, but the girl was Allison Minshall, daughter of Professor Minshall of the Greek department and leader of the opposition to athletics. And Tommy and Peter were acknowledged leaders for the favor of Allison Minshall, and while Tommy was busy with football Peter was not. Allison herself was leader of the faculty girls in supporting teams, being the only person who could oppose Professor Minshall diametrically and flaunt defiance to his opinions.

"The worst of it is," said Tommy, plaintively, "that—— I think I know!"

Tommy did not mean that the worst of it was that he thought he knew. He had a habit of breaking off in the middle of sentences when a thought came—and a thought had arrived.

"I *do* know," he added to himself. "He figures he'll get a stand in with old Minshall. Darned fat hypocrite. He's just lazy, but he'll make capital out of his laziness. Instead of being bawled out for being a loafer, he'll convince Minshall, without saying a word, that he is refraining from playing football because it is a waste of time, and then he'll waste twice as much time with Allison——"

He paused again, with a sudden fear. Possibly the time might not be wasted.

Tommy's flow of thought changed suddenly.

"Now I wonder——" he said to himself, then stopped, and, as the idea was born, a grin slowly overspread his features.

That evening, after a hard practice drill and dinner at the training table, Tommy appeared at the rooms and started dressing with great care. Peter, lolling comfortably among soft cushions, rather expected a resumption of the morning conversation, watched with astonishment. When Tommy, without mentioning

"Tommy boy," he called, lifting himself in spite of his broken collar bone. "Congratulations. Lucky stiff, you."

football, strode from the room, Peter was uneasy. Had he known Tommy's destination he would have been more uneasy, and had he overheard the conversation between Tommy and Allison Minshall an hour later the last vestige of complacency would have left him.

FOR two days Tommy did not mention football to his roommate. On the third day Peter, groaning inwardly and regarding the entire world with suspicion, appeared at the field house, stated briefly that he desired to try for the team, and waited hopefully for the coach to tell him he was too late.

"All right; get the togs on and hustle," said the coach briefly.

"It's a put up job," Peter groaned to Tommy two hours later after enduring the battering of the scrubs, as, aching in every muscle, he writhed on soft cushions, striving to find a comfortable position.

"Job?" Tommy inquired innocently. "Who? What job?"

"Nev' mind," Peter growled. "I'll get even."

"Even for what?"

"Nev' mind."

Peter was suspicious but uncertain, and feared to make charges direct.

"You'll shape up in a few days. Team certainly worked better with you in there."

Behind his book Tommy grinned, enjoying the torture of his roommate, who, starting four weeks late, out of condition, bucking against hardened youngsters, had suffered.

"I'm glad you came to your senses at last, Pete," he said. "Glad you saw your duty to the school. With you in the lineup——"

"Frame up," groaned Peter. "If I knew——"

He glared accusingly at the innocent Tommy.

"If you knew what?"

"What fiend in human form went to Allison——"

"Allison?"

"Yeah. Someone told her I was throwing down the team."

"What did she say?" Tommy appeared mildly interested.

"Well, she said that unless I—— I wish I knew who it was."

"*Amantes sunt amentes,*" murmured Tommy over his book.

"What's that you're saying?"

"Nothing—just reading. What did she say?"

"Well, the conclusion I drew was that unless

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Almond Roca

—the West has "gone wild" over it!

Are you a favored one? Surest proof is that some wonderful somebody has remembered you with a box of Almond Roca. Neither chocolate nor hard candy! Unusual? — Most! Different? — Decidedly! The West has "gone wild" over it! May as well attempt description of a Grand Canyon Sunset as Almond Roca. Both defy it! But, for a dollar and a half, you can buy a package. If you live east of the Rockies, you may have to address us direct —but the reward, you'll find, will more than justify the effort. And, when you address us, please include your dealer's name, for we want to cater to your future wishes through him * * * Brown & Haley, *Confectioners to the Elect*, Tacoma, Washington

Almond Roca

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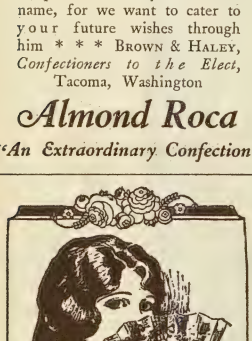

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

I made good on the team I hadn't a chance to make good with her."

"So *that* is the reason you came out?"

"Uh—not entirely. You see, her ideas are quite contrary to those held by her father and myself, and —confound it, Tommy, you don't understand."

"I think I do, Pete—practice tomorrow at three-fifteen."

Tommy buried himself behind his book.

"Aw, hell, I ache so I can't study."

TOMMY grinned maliciously.

For three days Peter Lawrence suffered the tortures of the rack and the gibbet. Soft, untrained, he was battered by lighter boys in perfect condition, and Peter's body and spirit groaned.

The third day Peter had an idea.

"Brain over brawn," he consoled himself. "Why should I, who love ease, work thus?"

Thereupon Peter wrote a letter. It was addressed to the athletic director of Uxton University, and in it Peter Vandeneynden Lawrence was accused of having played professional baseball, basketball, football, and hockey under a variety of names.

Two days later Hilltop University suffered a relapse from hope, new born. Uxton University respectfully protested against Hilltop permitting the "well known professional, Peter Lawrence, playing on the Hilltop team."

Hilltop seethed with indignation, and Peter discovered himself a hero, and, even better, a martyr.

"It's rotten, muckerish, raw, Pete," said Tommy. "They did it merely to weaken us. You know none of us believes——"

"Well, Tommy, you know——" Peter hesitated. "You know I didn't want to—I tried to keep off the squad. Anyhow, maybe the team will be stronger without me."

"You—you didn't?"

"No, Tom, never." Peter said earnestly. "But there are things —well, hard to explain. I'm innocent—but——"

Peter sighed, and, freed from the toil of practice, and the stern diet of the training table, he waxed slothful and permitted admirers to comfort him over his disappointment in being barred from playing. Undergraduates vowed undying hatred and eternal vengeance upon Uxton and threatened reprisals.

The Hilltop team managed to scrape through to victory over Lynton and Mercer, but when Lebanon held it to a 3 to 3 tie, with the Uxton game only a week off, despair crept into the ranks even of the players.

That evening Tommy Hetherington limped across the campus because of a battered knee and a twisted ankle, his mind filled with bitterness. In the lane he encountered Allison Minshall. Dark suspicion that she had been waiting to meet him entered his mind.

"Tommy," she said, eagerly, "I haven't dared breathe it to anyone, but maybe Peter can play after all."

"But your father; he will object!"

"I will be responsible for that. I—well, you know I act as papa's secretary? Well, I took it upon myself to write to Uxton and demand that they submit their proof that Peter is a professional—and the charges are all in a letter claiming that Peter played baseball professionally during last July——"

"Well?"

"Well, Peter was visiting us at our summer cottage all that month, and papa saw him every day. I'm going to make papa write to the Uxton people and demand that they withdraw the charges——"

"Why the dickens didn't Peter deny it and clear himself?"

"Tommy," said Allison, "I've seen that letter—Peter wrote it himself."

"Wrote it himself? Charged himself with being a pro?" Tommy was aghast. "He ought to be kicked out of school."

"He ought to be punished—and you and I must do it. We must make him play."

For twenty minutes the plotters discussed the situation, and when they parted Tommy's face bore a grim smile.

THURSDAY afternoon before the big game of the year Hilltop was in the Slough of Despond. Peter Lawrence, surrounded by indignant sympathizers, was pretending to bear his cross with dignified resignation. He smiled deprecatingly at the statement that, had he been permitted to play, there would have been nothing to it but victory for Hilltop. Peter was holding the limelight.

Late Thursday afternoon Professor Minshall hurled a bomb into the campus which spread enthusiasm and renewed hope.

The bomb was in the shape of an announcement, posted on the bulletin board in Faculty Hall, which read:

> The faculty of Hilltop University, having investigated the charges against Peter V. Lawrence, a member of our football squad, and having discovered that the young man is a victim of undeserved, unwarranted, and seemingly malicious attacks, has so notified the faculty of Uxton College, which has withdrawn all opposition and offered ample apology both to Hilltop University and to the player.
>
> The accusations are baseless, inasmuch as during the time the young man is accused of having played professionally he was my guest at my summer home. This statement is made to remove any possible suspicion that Hilltop is guilty of violating either the spirit or the letter of the amateur code.
>
> George Manners Minshall, *Ph.D., D.D.*

Hilltop University suddenly blazed with enthusiasm. Peter, propped in pillows, stretching himself luxuriously, was striving to devise an infallible system of avoiding the midterm exams, when half a dozen breathless messengers stormed in, dragged him from the couch, danced around him, shouting the great news. Peter, bewildered, was hurried to an automobile and rushed to the practice field.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "What a boner! Why didn't I figure the dates? I forgot it was the month I was at Allison's."

He rushed on to the field, pretending enthusiasm, fifteen minutes before the end of the scrimmage. The news had preceded him. Dispirited players, suddenly revived in spirit, beat him on the back and yelled greetings. He noticed that Tommy did not join in the demonstration and stared at him coldly.

Peter, determined to bluff it through, considering a half formed idea of twisting his ankle on the first play, plunged into the scrimmage. After the second shock the spirit of football gripped him. In spite of his plan to pretend injury, he found himself fighting hard. The scrub backs pounded his position, and Peter, fighting hard, bruised, breathless, began to glow with pride. Twice he tore aside the screening interference and brought down the runner.

PETER was quiet and thoughtful during the shower and rub down. The other players were chattering and planning. Peter, for once, neither boastful nor confident, realized at last that he was a slacker.

"Lawrence, coach wants you," announced a trainer.

Peter arose slowly. His body ached as he ascended the stairs.

"'Lo, coach," he said.

The grim, young-old man who presided over the destinies of Hilltop athletics, glanced up coldly.

"Lawrence," he said, "I'm going to use you Saturday. I oughtn't do it. You're a big, loafing four-flush, but, in spite of yourself, you've done something for the team: revived enthusiasm. It's our only chance. They think you're a star—and as long as they believe that they'll fight. I want you to know what I think of you: you've thrown down the school, and I'll see to it you don't get your letter, no matter what you do. But you'll play, not because you'll do any good, but the fact that you're on

Allison was the only person in Hilltop who could oppose Professor Minshall and flaunt defiance to his opinions.

the team will spur the others, and, if I see you loafing I'll show you up before the whole crowd."

Peter stood, half angry, half sullen, as the force of the coach's analysis of himself sank in.

"Coach," he said, a little huskily, "I had that coming—and more. I've been kidding myself I was wise. I just realized——

"Listen, coach." Peter's voice had become pleading. "You haven't half guessed what a rotter I've been. I don't want any letter; I want to play, and I'll fight as long as I can stand.

"I've been a fourflush; but neither our fellows nor Uxton know it. After what they've read about me, they'll think I'm good and be afraid of me—until they find out; and I'll keep fourflushing and delay that as long as I can.

"Start Buzzy at guard and put me in when you need me. The crowd will yell when I come out, and the team will brace. Uxton'll send the plays at the other side of the line until they find out what a bum I am——"

The coach studied and frowned.

"You've got a good football head, anyhow," he conceded. "It'll work for a time, anyhow."

II.

HILLTOP stadium was packed with humanity. The green of Hilltop waved and fluttered on one side, the blue and white of Uxton from the other.

Under the plunging, ripping attack of Uxton's heavy backfield Hilltop's light line bent and was driven back, yard after yard. The secondary defense, diving forward, braced the yielding line, but by short, crushing plunges Uxton was moving downfield. Twice Hilltop recovered the ball, and Tommy Hetherington kicked far downfield, only to have the resistless attack resumed. Hilltop's light forwards were reeling under the attack, but refusing to break. The ball was on Hilltop's thirty-yard line when the quarter ended.

"Only a question of time," said the experts.

Hilltop, freshened by the minute of relief, stiffened for an instant. Granger, Uxton's great plunging back, was stopped dead. But on the next play Granger ripped through for seven yards, and, before the line could rally, Granger plunged again for first down. The ball was on Hilltop's fourteen-yard line, when there was a sudden stir on the side lines.

"Get in there, Lawrence, and kill yourself," the coach snarled.

"Lawrence! Lawrence!"

Peter, throwing his blanket aside, was run-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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ning out on to the field. The wave of green broke over the south side of the stadium as Hilltop arose with a wild yell of hope.

Buzzy, limping, was coming off the field.

"Bite 'em, Pete! Hold 'em! Don't let 'em score," Buzzy pleaded as Lawrence passed him.

Peter, reporting to the referee, leaped into position. His teeth were set.

Uxton's team gathered in a circle, while the signal was whispered. Tommy hoarsely whispered commands. An instant later Granger, backed by Walker, hurtled against the left side of Uxton's line, and, after a tense second, crashed down without gain. Tommy, massing the secondary defense on that side, had stopped the charge.

Twice more Uxton charged desperately against the left of the Hilltop line, gaining a scant two yards, and, forced to try for goal from a bad angle, failed.

Hilltop's stands arose in a wild demonstration. "Lawrence! Lawrence! Three and a tiger for Lawrence."

"What the hell are they cheering Lawrence for?" demanded one expert of another. "He hasn't been touched. Hasn't had his hair mussed."

Hilltop, reprieved, circled around Tommy.

"They'll mass their defense to stop Lawrence," he said. "We'll use old 999, send the charge straight at Pete's position, use the old double pass, and try the other end."

A TENSE instant as Tommy's voice barked the signals. Uxton, fearful of Lawrence's reputation, massed against his position. Two Hilltop backs raged in straight at Lawrence's position, Uxton's secondary defense was sucked in to stop the charge, and, like a flash, Tommy, protected by "Wild" Hare, had received the ball from a double pass, skirted Uxton's left end and was racing down the field for a fifty-eight yard run, while Hilltop's stands spouted noise and enthusiasm. Before the bewildered Uxton team could rally, Tommy, feinting for another plunge at the line, concealed a forward pass, which landed the ball on the one-yard line, and, plowing through the tackle, Hare fell over the line for the first score of the game.

Savage under the sudden turn of fortune, Uxton renewed its battering assault against Hilltop's left wing. Not once did the attack come at the great Lawrence. Peter, instead of rejoicing, found himself almost weeping because he was denied an opportunity. Twice, bursting through his side, he dragged down runners from behind, helping delay the march of the Uxton machine down field.

Doggedly, fighting grimly for every inch, Hilltop battled for every yard, while Uxton's backs, worn by continued effort, slowed down, and the half ended with the ball thirty-five yards from Hilltop's goal—a bad pass wrecking Uxton's chance for a field goal.

Hilltop led by a score of 6 to 0, and while the bands marched and the embattled partisans fought each other with volleys of cheers Hilltop's clubhouse was a scene of anxiety.

Buzzy, badly battered, was weeping openly and begging for a chance to get back into the game. Brainard, his shoulder encased in plaster, was assuring the coach that he was all right and could play. The coach, grim and anxious, gathered his men around him.

"Hold 'em as long as you can, men," he said. "I'm starting Buzzy this half. Uxton will smash his side of the line as soon as they see Lawrence is out, and that'll give the other side of the line a little rest. I'm sorry, Buzzy. You've got to take the pounding as long as you can stand it. Then I'll send Lawrence back."

Peter, feeling strangely isolated, wrapped his blanket about him and sat, envying Buzzy. On the first lineup Uxton's captain, seeing Lawrence out of play, drove the attack against the crippled little Buzzy. Three times Buzzy, diving desperately, pitting sheer nerve and courage against the weight and strength of Uxton, held them for short gains. Then, with steadily lengthening gains, Uxton commenced to hammer the yielding line as Buzzy, outweighed, yielded and Blenkin, the tackle, strove despairingly to give aid. The lucky recovery of a fumbled ball delayed the assault, and Tommy kicked far down field. Uxton's great machine resumed the grinding assault. To the twenty-six yard line they hammered a path over the battered body of Buzzy and then Tommy, scooping a fumbled ball, regained seven yards and, when Uxton held hard, kicked far down field.

The ball was in midfield when the welcome whistle ended the quarter, and Buzzy, reeling on his feet, tried to smile as he walked to his position.

THE whistle blew. Uxton sent the first attack straight at Buzzy.

"Only two yards," muttered the coach. "That kid is a hero. They go over him, but never through him."

"Three yards that time—a yard to go," he muttered a moment later.

Granger, the giant back of Uxton, was pounding mercilessly at Buzzy's position. The opposite side of Hilltop's line was freshened and recuperated.

"First down," snapped the coach.

Uxton's stands were erupting noise and spurring the team on. Hilltop's stands were silent, intent, unable to see the cheer leaders leaping like jumping jacks and bawling through megaphones in frantic effort to rouse a rallying cry. A whistle blew shrilly. Under the untangling mass of men someone lay motionless.

"Buzzy's hurt—Buzzy——" Peter Lawrence gulped.

"Get in there," snarled the coach. "You big bum, if that kid is hurt badly it's your fault——"

Peter's brain, a maze of conflicting emotions, cleared suddenly as he ran across the field. Trainers, carrying the limp form of Buzzy, passed him as the "Three for Buzzy" was given for the fallen hero.

The tribute to Buzzy was drowned in the roar of "Lawrence! Lawrence! Lawrence!"

Peter had no feeling of the conquering hero. He was bitterly loathing himself as a slacker and a deserter and his heart filled with savage determination to redeem himself. Uxton, waiting, heard the roar for Lawrence and saw Peter's big frame fill the gap.

"Signal——" The quarter hesitated, glanced at Peter. "Change signal," he said. "Forty-one, fifty-two, five, eleven, sixteen."

Peter had braced to stop the charge and saw the play going at the other side of the line, which, reinforced, dragged down the runner with no gain.

Twice more Hilltop held, and Uxton, stopped for the first time, kicked. Tommy kicked back instantly, but Walker, catching the ball on the run, ripped and tore, twisted and fell twenty-five yards before he was downed, and again Uxton resumed its line crushing assault on the left of Hilltop's line.

"We can't hold 'em," panted Blenkin. "Get under faster, fellows. Check 'em, for God's sake, check 'em."

Uxton refused to be checked. Yard after yard, they ground their way down to the eighteen-yard line, where Hilltop, fighting desperately, held them three times and Milton, dropping back, drop kicked a perfect goal, making the score 6 to 3.

"Only nine minutes more, fellows. Hold 'em—hold 'em."

Again Uxton started its merciless hammering at the left of the Hilltop line. Twice the Uxton quarter strove to vary the play by sending a runner around the ends, but each time the Hilltop ends drove him out and threw him for losses.

"Hold 'em, fellows; hold 'em," pleaded Tommy, dry-voiced. "Not more than four minutes now."

THERE was a stir on the sidelines, and the Uxton stands rose in a roar of greeting. Peter Lawrence saw a young giant rush to the referee and, adjusting headgear, take his place opposite him at guard.

"It's coming now," he muttered to himself, and instead of fear felt a sudden exultation.

"You big loafer," snarled the new man. "You a professional? Say, if you played professionally——"

Peter, his mind distracted, started to retort as a whirlwind of human beings struck him, hurled him aside, and plunged past and over him for an eight-yard gain.

"Send it over this big bum again," screamed the new guard. "He can't stop anything—the fourflush."

Again the thundering charge pounded Peter down. He clutched, clawed, dragged, and hauled down the runner after a six-yard gain.

"For God's sake, Pete, stop 'em," screamed Tommy, tears streaming down his face.

Peter heard the roar of many voices, felt the shock of another charge, and, gritting his teeth, plunged despairingly into the revolving, twisting mass that struck him. Four times in succession the Uxton battering ram smashed his position. Bruised, hurt, his soft body aching, his lungs dry, he fought on.

On the sidelines the coach was raving, cursing, as he watched his mauled and crippled second line of defense charge and dive desperately under the line each time the struggling elevens met and battled for what, to them, was the most precious real estate in the world.

The ball was on the twelve-yard line, third down, and two yards to gain, when Peter's head cleared.

"Outcharging me," he muttered. "I'm as strong as he is."

He was cool now, thinking, and as his huge opponent leaped at him he twisted suddenly to one side, dived past him, and, breaking through, crashed against the runner, hurling him backward for a loss.

He had been cruelly pounded, but suddenly thrilled and felt strong. He wasn't a fourflush; he could stop them. His aches disappeared. He had checked that human avalanche and could do it again.

Uxton's team gathered in a circle, heads together, confronted with the big problem of the game. They could attempt a goal from field and tie the score, or they could make another desperate effort to gain the three yards, first down, and probable victory.

UXTON elected to gamble everything upon the chance of winning. Peter saw the attack massing against him, and, as the ball snapped, he hurled himself forward, outcharging his big opponent, breaking past him and clutching at the runner. He felt a sickening shock as Granger's knee struck his collar bone, but he hung on, grimly, fighting to prevent

"Aw, hell, I ache so I can't study."

being borne backward as Granger, lunging and twisting, fell forward.

The crowd sat intent, strained, silent, as the officials called for the tape. The ball was so close to the line that an inch either way meant that Uxton had made first down—with the goal line eight yards away—or had lost the ball and the game.

The two teams watched, tense, breathing hard. The official waved his hand forward, and the Uxton stands suddenly rose with a storm of cheers and waving banners. Granger had gained the distance.

Peter Lawrence felt the deadening pain in his side and shoulder. His legs were heavy, and his arms like lead, but he gritted his teeth, crouched, his eyes intent upon the Uxton backfield. Again the Uxton trip hammer assault pounded him with a gain of two yards. Again the whirling offensive struck, and the ball was less than four yards from the line. Uxton made scarcely an effort to conceal its play. They had found Lawrence's position pregnable, and Granger and Walker, crouching, waited.

Uxton's quarter barked the signals, and, like unleashed panthers, the two lines sprang at each other. Peter saw the muscles of the man opposite him tense suddenly, and leaped, his aching body responding to his desperate resolve. He felt the guard smash his benumbed shoulder, shifted his feet suddenly, and hurled himself at the charging mass. His arms gripped struggling legs and, with the remnant of his strength, he braced his feet and bore his man backward. He knew his arms were locked tightly around something, a roaring sound filled his ears, his body no longer ached, and he seemed to sleep.

When Peter Lawrence returned to consciousness he was on a cot in the field house. A jabbering, incoherent swarm of naked youths, beating each other on the back, yelling, all talking at once, half hysterical, filled the locker room.

"Lie still—you got a stiff jolt," said the trainer, bending over him.

"Let me at 'em—I'll hold 'em this time. I'll show 'em——"

His mind cleared, and he blinked as his eyes grasped the scene.

"What happened? Did we win?"

The coach was at his side, laughing, as excited as the boys.

"Peter, old chap, you made good," he said. "You got Granger and slammed him so hard the ball popped out of his arms, Tommy dropped on it—and we kicked, and the game was over. You old fraud, you're the hero."

"Listen, coach." Peter strove to sit up. "You fellows don't know what a rotter I've been. I didn't know, until today, what it all meant. I wrote that letter myself so they'd protest me——"

"Easy, Peter," said the coach, warningly. "Tommy and I knew it all the time—Allison Minshall told us. We thought you'd come to your senses some time."

"Then Allison knew?" Peter groaned. "What will she think of me——"

"Well, she and Tommy must think fairly well of you. They think that when you grow up, you'll come out all right."

"She and Tommy?"

"Er—yes. It'll be quite an honor for an undergraduate to act as best man to his football captain. It's to be right after commencement; and Allison says you'll look magnificent, anyhow."

Peter looked away for an instant.

"Tommy, boy," he called loudly, lifting himself in spite of his broken collar bone. "Just heard—about you and Allison. Congratulations. Lucky stiff, you, winning the game and the girl. You deserve both."

"Thanks, old fellow," said Tommy, wringing his undamaged hand. "You got a hard bump."

"Two of 'em," said Peter seriously. "Last one hurts worse than first. Had 'em coming. Won a big victory, though."

"What?" asked Tommy, puzzled.

"Over myself," said Peter, smiling vaguely—and lapsed into Latin.

THE END

The Price of a Party

A Movie Review by
Alva Taylor

Mary Astor is doing flapper stuff, while Arthur Edmund Carew villains his way through The Price of a Party.

The Price of a Party
Story by William MacHarg
Directed by Charles Giblyn
Produced by Howard Estabrook

CAST:

Grace Barrows....Hope Hampton
Evelyn Dolores.Dagmar Godowsky
Alice Barrows.....Mary Astor
Robert Casson.....Harrison Ford
Kenneth Bellwood.....
.....Arthur Edmund Carew
Stephen Darrell.....Fred Hadley
Queen of Jazz.....
.....Florence Richardson
Evelyn's Maid....Edna Richmond

THE PRICE OF A PARTY is a good title for a movie when it has anything to do with the picture, but in this case it hasn't. After we saw the picture we wondered what price and what party the title referred to. To be sure, there were plenty of parties, and an equal plenitude of prices, but none which seemed to have a great deal to do with each other.

However, this need not bother us, for after a little prologue, which puts us into the spirit of things by showing us all the kinds of parties of which New York can boast, the title is put out of sight and mind and the picture settles down to a dramatically entertaining story.

The action, as has been hinted at, takes place in New York. It is one of those pictures which aims to give us intimate glimpses of what goes on in the environs of a certain thoroughfare noted for its electrical brilliance, its cabarets, its jazz, and its alluring women.

The cast is headed by what theatrical and motion picture producers like to announce as a galaxy of stars. No less than five names are shown in large capital letters, thus distinguishing those actors and actresses from the less stellar members of the company, who have only two capital letters to a name.

The feminine holders of capital letter names are Hope Hampton, leading lady; Dagmar Godowsky, vampire, and Mary Astor, flapper. The men are Harrison Ford, hero, and Arthur Edmund Carew, villian.

Miss Hampton plays Grace Barrows, the virtuous young woman who has sought fame, not to mention fortune, in New York. She has found only a second rate job as a cabaret dancer.

Mr. Carew, as Kenneth Bellwood, unscrupulous broker, uses her charm, which he supplements with an expensive apartment, as a means to ensnare Robert Casson, played by Harrison Ford, into such a state of carelessness that the above mentioned Mr. Bellwood may relieve Mr. Casson of valuable interests in South America.

Grace accepts generous payment for her services in this little venture so that a sick mother may regain her health. But the love showered upon her by the unsuspecting Mr. Casson is too much for her. She must tell him the truth. She does—at the end of the picture.

DAGMAR GODOWSKY plays the part of Evelyn Dolores, unvirtuous young woman, who must temporarily hand over the keys to her lavish apartment so that Grace may entertain Robert Casson. Evelyn is supposed to take a little trip abroad. But, being of a suspicious turn of mind, she doesn't go. She remains to keep an eye on the apartment and also on Mr. Bellwood.

Mary Astor, in a curly bobbed wig, plays Alice Barrows, flapper sister to Grace, who goes to New York to duplicate the fame and fortune which she has been led to believe are her sister's. Mr. Bellwood, seeing in her an easier mark than Grace, turns her head with attentions, and offers her a career if she doesn't tell her sister. Alice thinks Grace only jealous when she orders her back to Boston, and so gets off the train at the first stop, with the intention of visiting Bellwood in his apartment.

The foresight of Evelyn in having her maid keep her informed of all that transpires in the borrowed apartment gives Evelyn the news of the young sister's clandestine appointment with Bellwood. She passes on the information to Grace, and together they rush to Bellwood's apartment, arriving ahead of Alice.

Naturally Bellwood isn't overjoyed to meet them. There is even a slight misunderstanding, resulting in the violent death of Mr. Bellwood.

WHO killed him? Not Grace, who fled before her sister got there. Who but Evelyn, the spurned other woman? A crumpled note is found in a dead hand: "I killed the only man I ever loved." Grace and Casson are in each other's arms. Little Alice is away on a Boston steamer.

The picture is satisfactory entertainment. We wished that Dagmar Godowsky had been given a little more to do. What little she had was well taken advantage of.

The continuity was rather choppy at places, but the direction on the whole was not bad.

No need to avoid The Price of a Party. It has a good cast, anyway.

NEXT WEEK:
THE ONLY WOMAN

"The Sun and the Rose"

HIGH in the heavens where the little movie stars twinkle and shine, burns the bright sun of Norma Talmadge (right), one of the most charming and brilliant actresses on the American screen. It is a tribute to her great magnetism and intelligence that she rises consistently above the mediocre stories she is cast in frequently. Mary Philbin (left), a soft, roselike creature looking up at Norma, may some day take her place. Each picture sees her rise to greater heights. She is to be starred in The Phantom of the Opera. Ben Lyon (left), lending the necessary masculine touch to the stage, is rapidly becoming one of the most popular leading men. Ask Pola Negri and Barbara La Marr, if you don't believe it.

TIP! TIP! TIP!

EVERYBODY'S Doing It—$12,200,000 in Gratuities Is Given Annually to the 35,000 Attaches of New York's 140 Larger Hotels Alone, and in One Place Patrons Pay $150,000 a Year to Have Their Hats and Coats Attended to. This Revealing Article Offers a Startling Array of New Facts About a Familiar Subject

By HARVEY DEUELL

Picture by EDWARD WILSON

TIP! TIP! TIP! Everybody does it, and everybody seems to want to do it in New York's one hundred and forty larger hotels.

Everybody's doing it, of course, in every other hotel of consequence from Bangor to the Golden Gate. But we needn't worry about that. For the purposes of this short discussion New York's hotels will suffice.

Twenty-four million five hundred thousand persons patronize these establishments annually—or about sixty-six thousand five hundred persons a day. They are waited on by thirty-five thousand servitors of all kinds, which means there is one employé on the hotel payrolls for less than every one and a half guest rooms.

Among this astonishing number of bellboys, waiters, chambermaids, porters and miscellaneous help (ten per cent of whom are never brought in contact with a guest!) the public distributes the amazing total of $12,200,000 annually in tips—which is roughly two and a half times as much as the hotels pay in taxes on their $200,000,000 assessment for real property.

The $12,200,000 in gratuities represents, moreover, the public's generosity to only ninety per cent of the employés of one hundred and forty hotels in a city which numbers thousands of other establishments, whose help expects to subsist, in part at least, on tips.

Barbers, manicurists, waiters in restaurants operated independently of the hotels, taxicab drivers, bootblacks, hairdressers, public stenographers and a variety of other persons, too widely assorted to be conveniently enumerated, stand with palms upward and outstretched.

The custom of tipping is as firmly attached to the average American citizen as the tradition that changes in party control will materially improve the administration of public affairs. The principal hotel owners are either indifferent to the practice, or opposed to it. But in the face of the public's determination to tip, the hotel owners are powerless. At least they say so; and their attitude appears plausible.

H. M. Statler is the owner of the largest hotel in New York—the Pennsylvania. He began his business career as a bellboy, but he had (besides a sense of humor) a keen instinct for divining the public taste; a gift of diplomacy; a liberal endowment of foresight, and a shrewd, quick judgment of men and business hazards.

So, in addition to owning the Pennsylvania, Mr. Statler's companies operate five other hotels in four large cities, while two hotels are under construction for him elsewhere.

MR. STATLER is not an easy person to meet. He is ensconced in the innermost recesses of a labyrinth of offices which open off the Pennsylvania's mezzanine, and is protected by a private secretary of great efficiency and numerous lesser employés of almost equal merit. Once having penetrated the fastness of his private domain, however, Mr. Statler is revealed as an agreeable person of uncertain age, with snow white but ample hair, and bright, perceptive eyes that look out upon the world from gold-rimmed spectacles. He is somewhat shorter than the average man, large boned, vigorous and lean. One receives the impression that he looks somewhat younger than he is, and feels markedly younger than he looks; he takes neither himself nor anyone else too seriously—in other words, that he has an ample fund of common sense.

"Tipping," said Mr. Statler, "is basically wrong. It is mildly injurious to the self-respect of the person who receives the tip, and it is at least a theoretical waste of money on the part of the person who bestows it. But what can you do about it? Let me cite an illustration:

"NOT long ago we opened a new hotel in Buffalo, and several days later I went there to see how things were getting on. Just as I entered the lobby, I ran into a very close friend. 'Well,' I said, 'What have *you* got to kick about?'"

"'Nothing,' said he, 'except that I've just paid twenty cents for an eighteen cent package of cigarets.'

"It took me a minute to understand what he meant. He referred, of course, to the fact that prices at our cigar counters were higher, at that time, than they were in the stores along the streets. I thought it over. Two cents on a package of cigarets isn't much, but I realized it would make me sore if I went to a hotel cigar counter and had to pay more than I would have had I gone just across the street. It wouldn't be the amount involved; it would be the principle of the thing. I don't know why I

hadn't thought of it before, but I hadn't.

"Anyway, I told the concessionaire who operates all our cigar stands, I wanted prices reduced to those prevailing outside. It costs me $40,000 a year in reduced revenue, but it's worth it.

"I mention that case to show you a situation which a hotel proprietor can control. There are some that he can't. Take the practice of tipping the girl who checks your hat and coat when you enter one of our restaurants. In the Pennsylvania Hotel alone, the public spends $150,000 a year to have its hats and coats taken care of while it eats.

"IT'S a matter of no consequence to me whether the public spends its money in that way. I have often considered it an aggravation to tip a checkroom girl, and if it were possible, I would gladly relieve the public of the necessity. But it isn't possible. The public will tip no matter how strenuously I admonish it not to. And the checkroom girls will accept tips, without regard to how strictly they are forbidden.

"Perhaps, if it were the most important thing to be done in connection with the hotel's operation, I could stop tipping in one particular spot. But while I was stopping it there, it would still be going on in a great variety of other places. And when all had been said and done, what would have been accomplished? It would simply have made it difficult for the public to do what, after all, it wants to do, and what it *will* do, in spite of all rules or regulations.

"No guest in a hotel *has* to tip. And whether he tips or not, he'll receive approximately the same sort of service. It is not that I intend to imply there is no virtue in tipping. There is—if a guest intends to patronize a hotel frequently. I regret it, and I would rectify it, if it were humanly possible, which it isn't. There are, however, two good reasons why nowadays the nontipping guest commands as courteous, quick, and efficient service as any other.

"In the first place, the hotel employés of New York are generously dealt with by ninety-nine per cent of the traveling public. A quarter is a customary tip for a service which, a few years ago, would command a nickel or a dime. In consequence, the employés are not greatly put out when they encounter the occasional persons who tip little or not at all. More than that—and this is the second reason why nontipping guests get good service—the employés know they'll be discharged if they let greed manage their courtesy and the offended guest complains. And most employés are too keen about their jobs to take a chance on losing them for the sake of showing a little malice.

"THE truth of the matter is that the average person tips because he doesn't wish an employé to consider him 'cheap.' Possibly twenty per cent of the present occupants of the Pennsylvania are here on business. These men and women are somewhat careful of their funds. But the rest are enjoying a holiday. They have plenty of money, and no especial desire to hoard it. So they tip—any number of them more liberally than I tip for similar service.

"I have every reason to believe that tips in the Pennsylvania average a dollar a day for every guest. And every hotel employer takes that—or some similar situation—into account in fixing his employés' compensation. To do anything else would constitute an injustice to the public.

"No matter how well hotel employés are paid by the management, guests *will* tip and employés *will* accept tips. I have visited several so-called tipless hotels—where the rule was supposed to be rigidly enforced—and I have *never* had a tip refused. I know, because I've tried to have a tip rejected.

"The pay roll constitutes a considerable part of a hotel's overhead; and upon the overhead depends a hotel's rates. An increase in wages means an increase in the public's bills. Since a wage increase will not stop tipping, it would amount to nothing but a gratuitous contribution to the help.

"They would get more wages, and they would continue to get tips. And the public—tippers and nontippers alike—would be out whatever the wage increase amounted to.

"In Europe, the problem is alleged to be solved by the addition of ten per cent to the guest's bill, which amount is distributed among the employés in lieu of incidental and promiscuous tipping. But I assure you—from experience—that European hotel employés get promiscuous and incidental tips, and are quite put out if they don't, their ten per cent addition to the bill notwithstanding.

"What the public does when it follows its

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tips About Tips

By a Bellboy

Women are more liberal than men.

The prize tippers of the world are the Japanese.

It isn't all in the size of the tip.

I'd rather wait on a man who gives me fifteen cents as though he's glad to do it than a man who gives me a quarter as if I was picking his pocket.

I get plenty nickels, and pennies are not so rare. But I guess the pennies are usually a mistake. The man thinks he's got hold of a dime.

A bellboy has a lot of "stiffs" to handle. That's where you go tipless.

The biggest tip I ever got was fifty dollars for showing a bunch of country folks the town on my night off. And say, it was worth it.

The hardest tip I ever earned was a dollar and a half from a woman who sent me out to buy a pair of eight and a half gunmetal silk stockings on a Sunday morning.

Tips About Tips

By a Hotel Proprietor

Tipping is basically wrong.

The public will tip no matter how strenuously I admonish it not to.

The average person tips because he doesn't wish the employé to consider him "cheap."

I would rectify it (the tipping practice) if it were humanly possible, which it isn't.

No guest HAS to tip. Whether he tips or not, he'll receive approximately the same sort of service.

No matter how well hotel employés are paid by the management, guests will tip and employés will accept tips.

What the public does, when it follows the custom of tipping, is to voluntarily assume a portion of the hotel's overhead. And tippers and nontippers receive the benefit of lower rates than would be possible if the managements proceeded upon the senseless theory that tipping does not exist.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 24 years for

Headache Colds Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:— Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

custom of tipping, is to assume voluntarily a portion of the hotel's overhead. And tippers and non-tippers receive the benefit of lower rates than would be possible if the managements proceeded upon the senseless theory that tipping does not exist.

"But read this. It summarizes my views on tipping as well as I have ever been able to state them."

MR. STATLER extended a copy of what he calls his "Service Codes," published for the benefit of his patrons and employés alike. On one page there is the following:

"Statler can run a tipless hotel if he wants to. But Statler knows that a first-class hotel cannot be maintained on a tipless basis, for the reason that a small but certain percentage of its guests will tip, in spite of all rules.

"Statler can and does do this. He guarantees to his guests who do not wish to tip, everything—EVERYTHING—in the way of hotel service, courtesy, etc., that the tipper gets.

"Let's make that a bit stronger—guests do NOT have to tip at The HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA to get courteous, polite, attentive service.

"Or, for final emphasis, we say to Pennsylvania guests: Please do not TIP unless you feel like it; but if you DO tip, let your tipping be yielding to a genuine desire—not conforming to an outrageous custom."

Mr. Statler then made a suggestion. "Now if you want to know anything else about tips," he said, "why don't you go down and talk to some of the help?"

So I did. And the first thing I found out was that Mr. Statler and some of his employés disagreed about the public's recently acquired twenty-five-cent tipping habit.

"Say," said a bellboy who shall be nameless, "I get plenty of nickels, if anyone should ask you, and pennies are not so rare. But I guess the pennies are usually a mistake. The man thinks he's got hold of a dime. And I've also got a lot of foreign money saved up—including Canadian, Mexican, and Chinese; not to mention lead and tin pocketpieces and the backs of a couple of collar buttons.

"But we don't pay any attention to that. A good many people ask us our names, and say they are going to remember us later. But we've heard that so often we just let it go. There isn't any use of having hard feelings.

"It takes from four to seven minutes—sometimes longer—to room a guest, depending on how long you've got to wait for the elevator, and how far his room is from the elevator. Tips for that—carrying up grips—run from a quarter to a dime. I'd say twenty cents was the average. And you can room ten guests in an hour, if you keep moving. That makes two dollars. But a bellboy has a lot of 'stiffs' to handle. That's work where you go tipless. And that cuts down the average to about a dollar an hour when you're on the floor."

Even so, it is not uncommon for bellboys to make seventy-five dollars a week, including a twenty dollar salary.

"Whatever the men may say," my informant went on, "I want to say right here that women are more liberal. For being conducted to their rooms, they rarely give less than a quarter. But the prize tippers of the world are the Japanese. A Japanese who tips less than fifty cents is a rarity.

"But say," my informant remarked confidentially, "it isn't all in the size of the tip. A lot of folks think bellboys aren't human. I'd rather wait on a man who gives me fifteen cents as though he's glad to do it than a man who gives me a quarter as if I was picking his pocket—even if there is ten cents more in it for me.

"And if there's one kind of human being that gets my complete and absolute goat, it's the guy who gives me a half dollar and tells me to go and buy a Ford. That gag was new along about the time they cut the timber for the Ark. But it isn't the humor that bites me. It's the build-up the big stiff gets. You would think it was worth fifty cents to me to be made the brunt for his bum gag.

"The biggest tip I ever got was fifty dollars for showing a bunch of country folks the town on my night off. And say, it was worth it. But at that, the hardest tip I ever earned was a dollar and a half from a woman who sent me out to buy a pair of eight and a half gunmetal silk stockings on a Sunday morning.

"Can you imagine it? Where would you go to buy gunmetal silk stockings on Sunday morning? Well, I didn't know either. I walked from Thirty-fourth Street and Seventh Avenue to the Williamsburg Bridge. And then I ran into a store where the proprietor had just got through celebrating the Sabbath the day before.

"I got a dollar and a half, as I said, but my legs weren't right for a week!"

HOW much is it proper to tip? This is a matter which vexes a good many people. They do not wish to appear "cheap." Neither do they wish to give too much.

The following schedule of appropriate tips was compiled after a careful investigation among the employés of a number of the largest New York hotels. It does not represent the opinion of the managements, but the opinion of their employés.

In most cases two figures are

given. The smaller is looked upon as sufficient; the larger is best described "generous."

DOORMEN.

Watching parked cars.....25 to 50 cents

BELLBOYS.

Rooming guest with one bag....15 to 25 cents
Rooming guest with two bags... 25 cents
Checking grips or carrying grips to taxi .....10 to 25 cents
Fetching ice water to room.....10 to 15 cents
Buttoning collars and cuffs for gents in rooms.....25 to 50 cents
Exercising dogs and going other errands, such as making purchases at stores outside the hotel .....50c to $1 an hour
Telegrams delivered to room....15 to 25 cents
Paging for telephone calls.....10 to 25 cents
Escorting strangers on sightseeing trips in spare time (half a day) ..... $5 and up

CHAMBERMAIDS.

One night's stay..... 25 cents
Two nights' stay..... 50 cents
Three nights' to a week's stay.. $1
Taking care of children for an evening ..... $1 or $2
Individual maid service, hooking gowns, etc. .....25 to 50 cents

FLOOR CLERKS.

Two or three days' stay..... 50 cents
A week's stay..... $1

VALETS.

Calling for or delivering suits...15 to 25 cents

STENOGRAPHERS.

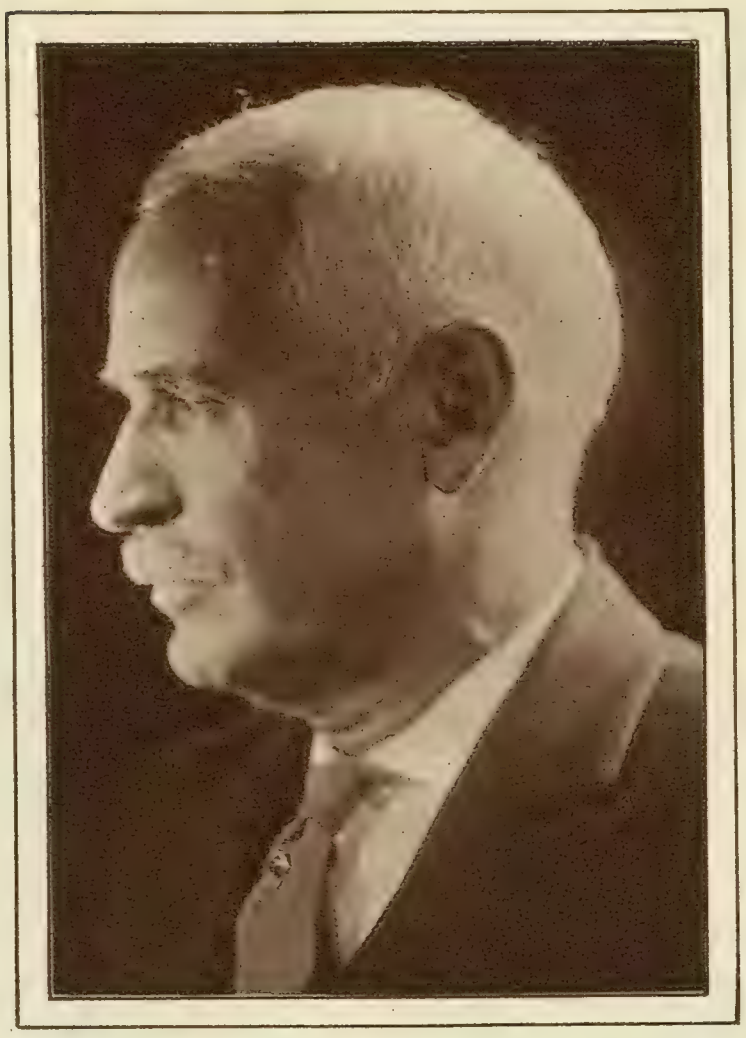
For one or two letters..... 25 cents

BARBERS.

For work performed in the shop.25% of the bill
For work performed in guests' rooms .....35% of the bill
Manicurists ..... 25 or 50 cents

MAIL CLERKS.

When guest leaves forwarding address or requires other special service .....25 or 50 cents



E. M. Statler, president Hotels Statler Company, Inc., and manager Pennsylvania Hotel.
Photo by C. Smith Gardner.

PORTERS.

Removing grips from room (depending on number) .....25 to 50 cents
Removing trunk from room (depending on size and weight) ..50 to 75 cents
Removing more than one trunk (depending on number, size and weight) .....75c to $1
Hunting lost baggage (depending upon the value of the property and the effort involved) .50c to $1

CHECKROOM GIRLS.

Checking hats, coats or wraps during time guest is in restaurant .....10c per person

(In many hotels, restaurants and other eating and dancing places the checking rooms are operated either by the management or by a concessionaire. The girls are paid regular wages. They are not permitted to keep their tips.)

WAITERS.

Breakfast in dining room or grill for one person.25c or 10% of the bill
Luncheon in dining room or grill for one person.25c or 10% of the bill
Dinner in dining room or grill for one person....50c or 10% of the bill
Meals for more persons than one ..... 10% of the bill
Head waiters, for reserving tables and other special attention $1

IT IS UNNECESSARY TO TIP

Doormen—For assisting you into and out of a taxi. This service is too slight to merit recognition. On a rainy night, if a doorman is at special pains to procure you a taxi, twenty-five cents is sufficient.

Bellboys—For taking your grip at the door and caring for it while you register.

Busboys—Those dining room attendants share in the tips received by waiters.

Elevator Operators—Youths who are waiting for jobs as bellboys operate the "lifts." Their salary in a city of the size of Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York is about twenty dollars a week.

Any room clerk or other employé behind the desk, unless otherwise specified; the management takes this situation into account in fixing their normal compensation.

Any hotel employé for any service, wherein the guest is brought into immediate contact with the management: For example, summoning an assistant manager to listen to a complaint, or to procure a change in room.

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

It Must Have Been a Big Jug

Doris, having been taught to do things for herself, always carried a covered jug of water and a small glass up to bed and placed it on the little table at the head of the bedstead, where she could help herself should she desire a drink during the night. But one night she tumbled out of bed in her sleep and pulled the jug of water all over herself. Her cries brought her parents to the rescue and they calmed her fears and put her back into bed, but as they were leaving Doris heard them laughing, and a hurt, childish voice said, "Oh, you can laugh now all right, but you wouldn't have laughed if I'd been drowned."—D. M. A., Toronto, Can.

* * *

She Must Have Heard About "Trust"

Little Isabel saw her elder playmates wearing shoes with straps on, which attracted her attention so that she asked her mother to get her a pair. Her mother told her that she didn't have the money, and couldn't get her any. Then Isabel said, "Well, I'll get them myself," and left. A few minutes later she came back with a pair of new shoes. Her mother asked her where she got them, and Isabel replied, "Down at Mr. Smith's; I trusted them from him."—W. C., Crum Lynne, Pa.

* * *

She Obeyed Literally

Georgiana had put her mother's house slippers on over her own shoes and was trying to walk about the house with them on. Her father, happening to see her, said sternly, "Georgiana, take those slippers back upstairs where you got them and don't let me see you with them on again."

Georgiana obediently did as she had been told, but after breakfast she again appeared with the slippers on. Her younger sister exclaimed, "Deordie, daddy told you not to wear dem no more!"

Georgiana replied, "No, he didn't, he just said for me not to let him see me with them on, and he is gone now."—R. McG., Tulsa, Okla.

* * *

Now That's Explicit Enough!

Roscoe, aged eight, came into the telegraph office, quite timidly reached to the counter, and handed the clerk a long telegram, asking the charge and rushing out. After an interval of about thirty minutes he came running back quite out of breath, saying:

"My mamma said she forgot to put on the bottom of that telegram our house where we lived."

"All right," said the clerk, "you had better tell us where you live if you are expecting an answer, hadn't you?"

"Well," Roscoe said, "it's on North Dixie and it's close to a garage and the number was 326, but the 3 is clear off and the 2 is nearly off."—C. B. W., Lake Worth, Fla.

* * *

A New One on Prunes

Tommy had fallen over and upset a dish of prunes. Picking himself up, he observed, "That's lucky."

"Lucky?" demanded his mother, "what's lucky?"

"It's lucky I don't like prunes."—J. T., Port Chester, N. Y.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 3

GABE'S Ornery Kid

A Love Story of a Prodigal, a Fighting Man, and a Murder Trial in the Frozen North.

By JACK HINES

Pictures by GLEN E. MITCHELL

"I looked in and there was Smart clutched at the Ornery Kid's throat, with his knee sunk on his chest."

I.

IT WAS a clear, moonlit night; the mercury seemed clamped at twenty below zero. On such a night in the Far North the bark of a dog carries miles and miles, and the ring of a man's brawling song penetrates quite as far. With all its still Arctic beauty, it was the worst possible kind of a night for the job Gabe Price had undertaken. Slung over his great muscular back, Gabe carried an unconscious youth known to the citizens of Eagle Town as the "Ornery Kid."

Gabe cursed the crispness of the air, for the sound of his tread sounded as though a regiment was on the march. He feared he might awaken some restless sleeper in the cabins which skirted the Dry Creek edge of town, who might detect him in the moonlight. If that happened—well, it would be all up with the Kid.

"Oh, gosh! if I can only get him hid away in my cabin," Gabe kept saying to himself as he tried to sneak along the frosted trail. But with every step the sound of his moccasins arose on the night with a glassy musical note. At last, though, he got to his town cabin and devoutly prayed that no one had seen him.

On a bunk by a window he placed the senseless Ornery Kid. Gabe shuddered as he stretched the limp legs and made the wobbling head comfortable on the pillow. The moonlight gave the Kid's features a deathlike pallor. A tiny stream of blood trickled from a sagged corner of the whitened lips, and with each feeble breath an alcoholic taint poisoned the cabin's pure air.

Gabe spread a lynx robe cozily over the inert form, and as he began wiping the red stain from the lips a sharp fall of footsteps rang on the trail in front of the cabin. A timid knock on the door followed, and instantly the latch sprung, the door swung open and, in the moonlight entering the dark cabin, Gabe saw only a little dog standing, sniffing the air, with its ears, tail, and diminutive body all a-tremble.

The next moment a woman's figure stood framed in the moonlit entrance. She paused, giving herself a chance to distinguish things in the room, which was strange to her. Gabe felt he had been nailed in his tracks, and as he got to his feet and backed into a dark corner he was suddenly seized with a weakness in his knees, the first touch of fear he ever experienced in his frontiersman's life. It was really worse than fear, as it was for this woman's sake that Gabe had set out on the hazardous enterprise of the night.

Cordelia Holmes was her name, and in Eagle Town she was known as—the Ornery Kid's woman! Anyway, she made her home in the Kid's cabin.

SHE stepped to the side of the couch by the window and fell to her knees. Gabe stared, bewildered. So far he had not uttered a sound. The involuntary thumping of his heart he could not control. He was certain that the woman could hear this mad throbbing as well as the suppressed sound of his breathing. But she did not even look at him.

"It's pretty tough," Gabe thought, "having her hating me so."

A stifled sigh escaped his lips, at which she looked up, half startled. Her face was very close to the Kid's, and in the fleet merging of her features with those of the Ornery Kid Gabe was struck with the fancy that they were strongly alike. This was a trick of the moon, he thought. But it was curious that Gabe had remarked a resemblance . . . now, however, he began to think of what was more than likely to ensue any minute in Eagle Town. A fierce hue and cry might begin any second and terrify the night, as soon as the lifeless body of Fang Smart was discovered. What

will happen when the man hunt begins? . . . The girl's voice ended these apprehensions.

"Mr. Price, you will please strike a light; or," she added, coldly, "is this another of your tricks on him which you can play better in the dark than in the light? Whatever your game is this time, you are trapped at last. You did not reckon on Victor's dog, did you?"

"*Victor's* dog!" Gabe exclaimed. Though he did not realize it, he had muttered, "So the Ornery Kid's name is Victor. Victor." Recovering from his surprise, Gabe said aloud: "Oh, yes; the little mutt."

"Yes, the little mutt," Cordelia sneeringly repeated. "He came for me, Mr. Price; came for me and led me here to your cabin. Right here to your door, tracking you down like the fiend I believe you to be."

Gabe heard her condemnation but vaguely. It was the dog, which still stood by the door, timidly whining, which to Gabe was all important now. Gabe called the dog, which bounded in and darted over to the Kid's side, where it began to lick a drooping hand. Gabe closed the door after him, and then said to the girl, still upon her knees at the bedside:

"I remember now—the little fellow shot past me. He sure was in a hurry to get to you."

"I want this place lighted, Mr. Price."

"Just a minute now, Miss—Miss Holmes. If you'll give me a chance to get my bearings. Put things down for you in a little order. Then, if you want a light, you can have it. I think, though, it's safer—for him—in the dark! Did the Kid's dog bring you out past Fang Smart's cabin?"

"Yes, he did."

"Was there anybody around there?"

"No, but Chops," said the woman, pointing to the dog, "barked when he got to Smart's cabin."

Cordelia found herself answering these softly spoken interrogations with surprising submission. Gabe's quiet voice seemed to alter her spirit of rebellion and hatred for this man, the enemy of her Victor.

"Miss Holmes, the first person who goes in Fang Smart's cabin will find him dead," Gabe explained after a pause. "I'm glad you weren't seen when you passed the cabin. You might have been followed here."

"Murdered!" Cordelia cried, as Gabe cautioned her to lower her voice.

"Well, I won't say exactly murdered," Gabe replied with a drawl. "Strangled, Miss Holmes. And good enough for him, too. Look, Miss Holmes!"—Gabe stretched his powerful hands out in the moonbeams—"Strangled by them!"

CORDELIA shivered, tried to speak, but she had suddenly become speechless. Now she thought she knew the reason for the cabin's darkness. It was a shield for Price, not for her Victor. Why should Victor be hidden? He wasn't the guilty person.

Suddenly she felt herself being gently lifted from her knees to a big arm chair. How strange that she should thus yield to the strength of the enemy who so tenderly raised her from the side of Victor's couch!

Then she realized something else. Something thrilling, big, and significant. Gabriel Price—the man who had wronged her Victor, the man who had despoiled him of a fortune, who had driven him to drink—had only that minute placed his fate in her hands!

"I know what's going on in your mind, Miss Holmes," said Gabe, "but it won't work for either you—or him. It's a pity you both hate me so, miss."

Something intuitively feminine whispered to her, "Don't go out and expose Smart's assassin. Isn't there something good and noble about this big man who has brought Victor, in this deplorable condition, to his own cabin? And his voice—a man to whom such a soft speaking voice is given. Can such a man be the wretched thing you believe him to be?"

"Miss Holmes," she heard Gabe saying, "you know who killed Fang Smart. Outside of him—if he knows"—he nodded toward the unconscious man—"you are the only people who know now. But the minute they find the dead body the whole town of Eagle will be turned upside down looking for him!" Again a toss of Gabe's head at the Ornery Kid.

"Do you mean they will suspect Victor of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

She sat on the moonlit couch, her face in the dark shadow out of the moonbeams.

Corns

Lift Off—No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses without soreness or irritation.

money and Free prizes to boys for selling Liberty

Send coupon for full details. Easy work—near home—during spare time. Thousands of boys happy with steady weekly incomes and valuable free prizes. Join the happy Liberty boys. Start at once. No money needed. Fill in coupon. Mail today.

Liberty,
TRIBUNE SQUARE,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City .....

State .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

killing his friend Smart?" Then she turned to Victor and tried to rouse him—but it was useless. Only a gurgling sputter of puffing lips rewarded her effort.

"Better let him sleep it off, Miss Holmes," Gabe advised. "The longer he stays here the better. It would be a good thing if you went home, too, as soon as you can make it. For I guess the first place they'll go hunting will be at your cabin. If you feel like trusting a man like me—I know it's hard to do it, but—I'm surprised they haven't been up to Smart's cabin and found him before this."

"How do you know they haven't?" she asked.

"IF YOU are anywhere in hearing range you'll know when they have, believe me. The town's drinking mad tonight. It always is on pay nights. Why, some of the boys who work for me on the Sweetcake Fraction left camp tonight without their supper so's not to lose any time around the gambling houses and dance halls. Don't mind my speaking of the Sweetcake, Miss Holmes. I have always been the only legitimate owner that little mine ever had. You think I am a miserable thief, now, don't you, and that the Sweetcake belongs rightfully to your Victor here?

"It certainly is strange that I've got this chance to put you right on the whole miserable business, because . . . well, maybe after tonight I would never have the chance to speak to you again. We cannot tell about that. But I want you to remember one thing, no matter what happens, and that is that I never had any ill feelings for the Ornery—I mean your Victor. Miss Holmes, I put up the original location monuments on the Sweetcake Fraction with these same two hands that not an hour ago took the life of the man who came out one New Year's night and stuck up his illegal stakes over my true ones. Now, Miss Holmes, which of the two of us—Frank Smart or me—do you think was the rightful owner of the Sweetcake Fraction? Please answer me."

"You, I should say," Cordelia replied.

"Well, then, can't you clearly see that the Ornery Kid—Victor—was never the clear title holder to the Sweetcake? Because he bought the property under the jumper's location that Fang Smart filed on it. After the lawsuit which I won Victor hated me. I can understand that. But I wish you'd believe me, Miss Holmes, this was all before you came to Eagle Town. Gee! I can remember that day last fall when you stepped down off the lighter—like it was this morning. And when I saw you go up to the Ornery Kid—well, I cursed the Sweetcake, but most of all Fang Smart—in fact, I . . ."

"Why did you kill Mr. Smart—and why will Victor be hunted down as the man who killed him?" asked the woman. "I must know that immediately, or I shall——"

A dozen sharp detonations rang out on the still Arctic night. Rifle shots. Their reverberating echo was taken up by a thousand malamute throats and in a minute were wafted to the foothills fifteen miles away. Something was up in town. Gabe stepped to the door and, lifting the latch, said:

"Miss Holmes, I want you to go home. I'll tell you this much. Smart was the moving evil of the miners. He had most of them hypnotized—the Kid here, worst of all. He was the worst enemy the employers and miners had. This boy was the last man known to be with Fang tonight. I just happened to get near the cabin as two or three fellows cleared out. Fang and this boy had been having an argument before I got into it. It was more than that when I . . . well, you know, Miss Holmes. Trust me.

"If the Smart gang locate the Ornery—Victor—tonight, they'll hang him," Gabe continued. "He's safe here with me. This is the last place in Eagle anyone would ever look for him. In my cabin, don't you savvee? The whole Territory knows that Victor hates me and thinks I hate him. The purp has got to stay, too. Don't worry, I can nurse the Kid a damn, excuse me, sight better than you can.

"Tomorrow, when the booze has died out of these fellows who will want to get him tonight, I'll tell them who killed Fang Smart—and why. Now go, please."

Cordelia hesitated, but Gabe threw the door wide open and said, "Hurry, or dad burn me if I don't go with you!"

Cordelia knelt for a brief kiss on the pallid forehead of the Ornery Kid, but as she started to rise and go toward the open door an angry muttering of the drunken mob drifted in from the town streets.

"Wait," Gabe said. "Stay here—here where you belong, Miss Holmes. If he's safe here, so are you. I must be looney or something—excuse me, ma'am."

Gabe was tightening the belt of his mackinaw jacket when he felt slender fingers creep over his hands, then a quick tightening. Cordelia's hands—in spite of herself—her rebellious self—had sought Gabe's.

The slam of the door on Gabe's departing back brought Cordelia to the realization of what this astonishing surrender really meant.

II.

"YOU killed Fang Smart! Come now, Gabe, that's too thin." Price had surrendered himself to Marshal Richards and this was the officer's answer to the prisoner's confession.

"You better lock me up, Frank—I'm the man."

"Lock you up, be blowed. If you must stay here in the jail—why go on up to my rooms. There's a couch there—go on up and get some sleep. You look to me as though you've gone nutty, Gabe. I've got to stick here in the office until they bring in the man who did kill Fang Smart. I may be wasting my time at that—for when they nail him—and he's no friend of yours, Gabe—there's a good chance for the job being old Doc Derbyshire's. A double header in the coroner's office."

"That's just it, Frank. Don't let them string up an innocent man. The Ornery's as innocent as you are."

"The Ornery! You know then, Gabe?"

A WILY look shone in the marshal's eyes. His prisoner was perhaps one of his closest friends—both the murdered man and the man generally believed to have killed him were avowed enemies of Gabe Price.

"Why not let matters take their course, Gabe. I'd call it a good day for you—what?"

"I'm thinking of someone else, Frank. I've already told her. They're both in my cabin now. Some of my boys might just happen over there looking for me. My whole crew is in town tonight."

"Phil!" the marshal called to a deputy. "Get out quick and tell that crowd the man who killed Fang Smart has turned himself up. Be sure to tell them who, too—Gabe Price." The clang of a door followed almost immediately.

"I guess they won't go near your cabin—now, Gabe. So you told the Ornery's woman—well, well!" With that the marshal reluctantly wrote in the sinister jail register the entry which formally committed Price to the custody of the federal authorities.

"Well, Gabe," Marshal Richards said, as he closed the registry book, "so you're my prisoner, it seems. Let me conduct you to your dungeon on the floor above. I'm not particularly sleepy just now. I don't think you are, either. I'll down you two out of three at dummy solo—for the drinks—before we turn in."

Arm in arm, Gabe and his jailer went upstairs to the marshal's best quarters. Of the right or wrong, the why or wherefore of Gabe's action Marshal Richards neither demanded nor hinted.

Gabe's surrender and confession made unnecessary Doctor Derbyshire's official inquest and United States Commissioner Tom Reed's preliminary hearing of the case. They merely went through the formalities prescribing Gabe's appearance before Judge Bloor.

Justice moved quickly in those

Gabe carried an unconscious youth known as the Ornery Kid.

days, and an immediate trial was ordered. The federal courtroom was jammed to its capacity. Hoyt, the district attorney, and his assistant, Grigsby—both intimate friends of Gabe's—sat at one end of the trial counsel's table. Lawyer Albert Fink, also a crony of Gabe's, sat with the prisoner at the other end.

"The People of the United States versus Gabriel Price, charged with manslaughter. As having with his bare hands caused the death of one Fang, true Christian name unknown, Smart. Will Mr. Price stand up and enter his plea," said the clerk, reading the complaint.

LAWYER FINK got up with Gabe and pronounced the words, "Guilty, Your Honor!" And both sat down. District Attorney Hoyt immediately got up and said the prosecution was provided with sufficient evidence to indicate another defendant. For the satisfaction of the People, the district attorney demanded the detailed story from the confessed defendant. That's what everybody else in the courtroom wanted to hear, too. That's the reason they were there.

Gabe took the stand, a cool, collected figure of dignified grace and composure. His voice began to float easily out over the eager faces and struck clearly into the ears of those standing at the far end of the room.

"Night before last was pay night out on the Sweetcake and, I hope, on all the working mines hereabouts," he said. "My boys all came to town. It's only a four mile walk and, being a nice evening, I made up my mind to come in myself. I got to feeling lonesome. Before I started up the grade that makes to the end of Steadman Avenue—I saw some fellows break out of Fang Smart's cabin that stands right there on the shoulder of the rise. They were noisy and staggering drunk. When I cleared the steep bit of trail and got where I could see right down the avenue here, I saw the same fellows dive into Jourdan's over there." Gabe stuck his finger at the court window. Jourdan's "Haven" was right across the street.

"I was winded after the climb," Gabe went on, "and stood there a second. I started to step on down when I thought I heard sounds like a couple of malamutes both locked in a throathold. I listened closer and, sure enough, coming from Smart's cabin, I made out the sucking and sort of hissing noise a fellow makes when his tongue swells too thick for his gizzard. Then I knew a fight was on, because I heard Smart's voice, growling mad and swearing pretty stiff."

"Could you hear what he was saying—if anything? If so, will you so state?" Lawyer Fink interjected.

"Yes—he said, 'So you think I double-crossed you; you so and so.' I don't have to say the exact words, do I?"

"No, Mr. Price—go on." This from Judge Bloor.

"WELL, I sort of sensed that I ought to take a hand in whatever was going on, and besides, I was curious. I went to the door and pushed it open a bit. A bad scared dog got tangled between my legs—making a quick getaway. The smell of booze was enough to floor me. They were at it in the room at the right, just off the hall. The smoke from an oil lamp was coming through the top of the doorway.

"I heard a thumping like a man's head hitting the floor. I looked in, and there was Smart clutched at the Ornery Kid's throat, with his knee sunk on his chest. The Kid had both his hands around Smart's throat. For a minute I didn't know what to do. As everyone in Eagle knows, neither one of these fellows was a friend of mine. But of the two I had a bigger fight with Fang Smart than with the Ornery. I never did bear him any bad blood. But Smart, I admit—yes.

"'Well,' says I to myself, 'better stand here and referee this scrimmage.' I could be all but impartial at that. That double cross thing hit me. And I wondered if the row had started

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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over the old Sweetcake battle. They were pretty well matched. Awful drunk, both of them, bleary eyed and tough to look at, believe me. Then I saw what Smart was driving at and I made up my mind. From then the Kid's fight was mine as much as his. I figured if he only knew it—Smart was as much his enemy as mine.

"There was a gun hanging in a shoulder holster from a chair about four feet from them. I saw that Smart was working over toward it. The Kid held to him like a vise, though, and Smart couldn't make much headway. Then Smart ran his knee down—fouled the worst I ever saw and lurched over at the gat—just as the Kid sort of let go and crumbled from the knee jab. Smart made the holster and pulled the gun. This was where I took a hand. I can't think clear enough now to say just how it was done. All I could manage in my own head was that foul, and Smart with a gun—against a down man.

"When I got my hands loose from Fang Smart's neck—he was dead—I guess." A great sigh almost lifted the ceiling off the courtroom when Gabe said this. More a groan than a sigh escaped the whole crowd.

"NOW, I thought, what will I do. I am the man that killed Smart. But this half dead Ornery will be the fellow who will have to settle for it—if he's caught. So I packed him around the back trail to my town cabin. Where no one would ever think to look for him. I don't know whether he's there yet or not. But . . . Well, that's about all, I guess."

Gabe was about to step down from the stand when Fink said:

"One moment, please. Then in your heart and soul you were convinced that when Fang Smart reached for and attained that gun—it was with the intent and for the purpose of killing—an unarmed man?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Fink. And, by the way, here she is!"

Gabe here lifted the flap of his vest and pulled a Colt's forty-five from his trousers-band—the old Klondike way of "packing hardware."

"What's this? Wasn't this defendant searched when he came into the custody of the court?" asked Judge Bloor, shocked and surprised.

"Your honor—I am responsible for that oversight. I clean forgot all about it," replied Marshal Richards, as a ripple of laughter flitted over the courtroom.

"If the court please—in appeal for justice on behalf of my client—I suggest that the court's duty is clearly indicated and provision made for such justice in the code. A defendant, etc., etc. . . ." Lawyer Fink quoted the entire section of the statutes which includes among justifiable homicides, taking the life of a man who is seemingly intent on taking the life of another.

"Has the district attorney anything to say before the court takes action?"

Under his breath district attorney Hoyt said to his assistant, "I believe I'll have the Ornery Kid produced." And Grigsby in equally subdued tones whispered to his chief, "Aw, shucks, Henry."

"No, your honor," replied the attorney.

"The court recognizes counsel's point and commends the suggestion. In view of the unimpeachable integrity of this defendant, also the high standard of citizenship demonstrated in his clean breasting of this case, it is the suggestion of the court that the case be dismissed from the records and the defendant returned to the freedom and enjoyment of his daily pursuits. Does the district attorney concur?"

The district attorney inclined his head.

"Thanks, Asa," said Gabe as he climbed down from the stand.

"Congratulations, Gabe." From the court.

III.

GABE was sitting in the moonlight, in the same chair into which he had lifted Cordelia two nights before. Nothing now rested on the couch by the window—but Gabe's slippered feet. He twirled his thumbs and dreamily saw two faces framed in the pale shimmer of the soft white light pouring through the window. Somewhere out in the Arctic night a malamute lifted his lonely soul to the dog gods high above in the white heavens.

"Compared to me that malamute is in a big crowd," thought Gabe. But in the succeeding instant his cabin was peopled with the entire population of heaven and earth. For Cordelia Holmes had come to him again.

She sat on the moonlit couch, her hands folded in her lap, and held her face in the dark shadow out of the moonbeams.

"Shall I strike a light, Miss Holmes?" Gabe said.

"Oh, please, Mr. Price, be kind to me."

"I am sorry—I wasn't thinking anything unkind."

"I was in the courtroom today, Mr. Price, and heard."

Gabe swallowed something that almost choked him.

"Yes, but before I heard," the young woman said, "Victor had told me the *truth!* Your story was true from beginning to end, except that the man on top was not Smart. Neither was the man who reached for the pistol—Smart. And neither did you kill Smart. I had to hurry back to Victor or I should have come here sooner. I feared to leave him, but couldn't help myself. He is a pitiful spectacle just now. But the terror and remorse have gone, thank God—and I believe you may be repaid in time by seeing a real man born from your . . . *awful perjury.* He has not recovered from the blow you struck him——"

"I had to—Miss Holmes. I had to, drunk as he was."

"I know; when you caught him with Smart's lifeless body still in his grip his only thought was to kill you. He has told me all—everything. You, of all people, the man he hated so—the only witness. He cannot explain how the fight began. They were all so intoxicated. Oh, Mr. Price . . ." Cordelia could not stifle the tears that welled into her eyes, nor hold back the fingers that crept along Gabe's knee and once more found his great open hands!

GABE was utterly tongue-tied. Of all times when there were a thousand things he wanted to say. But the great straightforward instinct in him came to the rescue and delivered him from his pathetic bewilderment. There was nothing for him to say. Absolutely no explanation at all. Gabe just sat there with those tremulous fingers in his grasp and dreamily reflected that it must have been a beneficent God which had led his footsteps into that fatal room the night before last. He punished himself for one thing he had done and that was to strike the Kid when he came at him with the gun—but Gabe had had no choice but to knock him cold.

But assuredly Destiny was this minute giving him a rapturous reward for whatever he had done. This soft hand nestling in such sacred surrender between his own two. He sighed as he checked his reverie—for this woman was not for him. Master of himself again, Gabe's voice seemed to come back easily, for as he looked beyond her shadow-veiled face, out, far out, into the silvery moonlight, he said:

"You know, Miss Holmes, we fellows who have been up here in the Territory since it was first struck—well it's some five years ago for me—we get to savvee the human animal pretty close. Take a malamute for instance, or a mutt like Chops—he don't go tying to anybody, really tying, unless that fellow's got something for the dog to tie to.

"It's the same with a woman I believe—I'm not much on that game . . . well, the first time I saw you—that day you landed on the beach—I says—By God, if this Ornery Kid can even know a woman like that—you I meant—why there's something in him worth the bother to scrape together and set to rights. I knew in time he'd get on to the breed of swine this Smart really was. And then—well, then, the Kid—your Victor—might come to me sometime. I figured I'd meet you—even being his—and we, you and I, might become . . . friends. You see how it worked out. By itself—hasn't it? Miss Holmes, I'm your friend; Victor's too—believe me . . ."

"HAVEN'T you ever . . ." Cordelia's voice had that in it that sounded ineffably sweet and appealing to Gabe. There was a trembling hysteria going on in the palms of his big hands, too, all this time. "Haven't you ever been curious to know Victor's full name?"

"Why," Gabe replied, "I can't just say—you see half of the fellows around these Eagle diggings sort of lose their real names. It's a pretty close mouthed country. Not much on questions. When they give a fellow a nickname up here—that settles it. They've even buried them with their real names forever the secret of the graves they were dumped into. I never thought what his real name was, Miss. . . ." Gabe nearly called her "Cordelia."

"Why, his full name is Charles Victor. . . ." And here Cordelia paused hesitatingly before the Ornery Kid's family name should fall from her lips. And as they again opened to speak, Gabe interrupted her.

"Stop, please," he said. "I remember something now. Right here on this couch when you came in the night before last, and your head was close—touching his—right here on this pillow, in the moonlight. Oh, Miss . . ."

And now here in the same revealing moonlight Gabe sat enthralled and listened utterly incapable of speech—she was saying:

"Well, when mother at last. . . you understand, Mr. Price. Gabriel! Where else could I go? Victor was really the only thing I had left in the world. And he needed me, I felt. I certainly welcomed the trip—the farawayness of it all. I wanted a rest, too—and forgetfulness.

"Victor was my foster brother. He had always been the black sheep of our family. But still I had no reason to believe that he would refuse to admit our relationship when I came here. He held a grudge, however—he accused me, falsely, of having caused the trouble between himself and father, which made the latter drive him from home. When I came here he avenged himself by refusing to admit our relationship. It was terribly cruel. You must know how I have suffered. But that is all over. Victor is repentant now, and I have forgiven him."

She felt Gabe's strong arms close about her. "Now, thank God," she heard him say, as she smothered her face in his great chest, "he's my Ornery Kid—isn't he?"

"Yes," she breathed.

THE END

IS *Your* WIFE *on the* PAY ROLL *or* SUCKER LIST?

Suppose You Were to Die Tomorrow, What About Your Widow? Have You Made a Will, Picked a Reliable Executor, and Safeguarded Your Insurance, or Is Your Modest Estate to Be Divided Among Leeches and Sharks While Your Loved Ones Come to Want?

By JOSEPH O'DYNA

Pictures by WALTER JACK DUNCAN

You admire your wife for her many sterling qualities—or perhaps you think her a dumb-bell.

HAVE you put your wife on the Pay Roll or on the Sucker List? You don't know? Well, read this.

You have provided for your wife and family by building up an estate. Or, as the average man does, mainly by insurance on his life. Are you certain your wife will get your estate or your insurance money, so that it will support her and the children? Or are you making her the target for all get-rich-quicks, whose interest in your demise will be in proportion to the size of your estate and of your policy?

Pay Roll? Everyone knows what a pay roll is. And it is everyone's endeavor to connect with a permanent and safe one.

Sucker List? Such a list is a roster of easy victims—persons who can be separated from their money by the glib talk of a promoter, by what he claims is a sure fire money maker but which is nothing more than the means of extracting coin from the gullible.

You can put your wife on the Pay Roll or on the Sucker List just by the way you arrange your will and by the method you plan for the payment of your insurance when it becomes a claim on the insurance company.

Judge Henry Horner presides over the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois. He is well known and well thought of by the citizens of Chicago. He settles hundreds of estates every year, as prescribed by law. He has observed the great waste of money resulting from injudicious wills and the careless manner of naming executors. Life insurance can be regarded as an estate created by the payment of premiums, while naming a beneficiary in the policy is only another way of making a will for the amount of the insurance in that person's favor. Says Judge Horner:

"My experience as a Probate Judge has impressed upon me the high wisdom of the income insurance contract, a contract that distributes its proceeds in the form of installments of income.

"The number of widows who squander is appallingly large. I think one explanation of this is that men do not habitually consult their wives on their business affairs.

"The danger of dissipation of the estate is proportionately greater in small than in large estates. The amount of the estate left the widow may seem too small to yield an ample income. Hence the appeal of the 'get-rich-quick' ventures, and investments flaunting opportunities for speculative profits to widows with such estates is particularly alluring."

Even when estates and insurance funds are not handed over to the "get-rich-quicks" but to bankers with reputations for sterling integrity, they are not always safe.

Not long ago much newspaper space was devoted to the troubles of the treasurer of a New England State who was also a bank cashier. He shot himself and there was a run on his bank. The bank closed its doors. Among those enveloped was a number of widows who, according to newspaper reports, had given him to invest the funds they received from their husbands' life insurance policies. Whether they will realize any return on them has not been reported.

EVERY man should make a will. In selecting executors it is safest to name some substantial bank or trust company jointly with your wife or other relative or friend. This bank or trust company helps manage the estate and will prevent the dissipation of funds. Its fee is fixed by law in practically every State. It ranges from five per cent on small estates to two per cent on large ones. Of course, legal services and other expenses are extra and must be allowed by the Probate Court. In this way your wife and family will have the best advice of men trained in investments and with means at hand to deflate any get-rich-quick promoter's promises.

What is this "income insurance contract" of which Judge Horner speaks? It is merely putting the beneficiary on an insurance company's pay roll, so that the amount of the insurance will be paid at stated intervals—generally the first of every month—as a steady income instead of being turned over in a lump sum. Back of these monthly payments are the stability and integrity of the life insurance company and its officers. Further, the laws provide certain safeguards for insurance reserves. On this President Coolidge has said:

"Our government has given close attention to the life insurance companies, and they are on so sure a foundation that it is in substance a guaranteed method of protection for our people."

Back of the lump sum payment—by which a beneficiary of a will or an insurance policy may be put on the Sucker List—is only that person's judgment. As in most instances wills and insurance policies are mainly made out in favor of the wife, the wife can be considered for the purpose of this article. It would be the same for a daughter or mother or other relative named as beneficiary.

You admire your wife for her many sterling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

And when he has her in just the right mood, he's going to spring his newest scheme for untold wealth.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

ties—or perhaps you think her a dumb-

You may like the way she meets the ordinary problems of life and settles them. Or the opposite may be the case. But what is your opinion of her ideas of investing money so that it will be safe and bring the maximum return?

In your whole life you never had fifteen thousand dollars—or ten thousand or five thousand dollars—in cash spread out on the table before you—yours to do with as you wished!

If, by great good chance, you did have such an amount, did you invest it wisely or foolishly? Think over the trouble you had—the snares and pitfalls you dodged even on amounts smaller than these. Then realize what your wife will be up against if your insurance is paid in a lump sum.

YOU are the average man. It was difficult for you to gather together the first thousand dollars when you and your wife wanted a home of your own. And that thousand seemed like a million when you drew it out of the bank to make the initial payment on your house.

Picture your wife with fifteen—or ten—or five times that thousand poured into her lap, the amount paid on your insurance policy. Added to this is the value of your estate. What will she do with it?

The shock of your death has increased your worth in her eyes. The first person she deals with is the undertaker. As she is in no mood to haggle over costs, the best is none too good. And there is whatever estate you leave plus the insurance money to see that your final exit is made in a befitting fashion. The mortician—as the undertaker styles himself—sees to it that this exit is profitable to him.

Of course you figured on your insurance money paying the mortgage on the home, in which you have a sizable equity. In addition to this you figured there would be enough left to take care of ordinary expenses of living and keeping the children in school.

Your plans were good, but the undertaker's bill makes the first assault on the ready money of your estate—the insurance as a general thing. Instead of holding down expenses to a figure befitting your tastes and estate, your widow selects a high priced casket and gives you a bang-up funeral. And caskets and funerals can be made to cost big money.

In Funeral Management and Costs, by Quincy L. Dowd, this statement is made:

"A banker and business man, in talking over this burial problem, said that he was convinced from his wife and confidential dealings with people in all walks of life that one thousand dollars is a moderate estimate of the expenses of the last sickness and funeral, including a gravestone. This was nine years ago. One can reckon the increase now."

The same book says:

"But sometimes the intelligent and well-to-do are easy spoil for the undertaking gain. In rural parts the 'family undertaker' is a man of consideration. One such said to a widow:

"'Your husband's noble figure is just fitted to a rosewood casket, and it is the only suitable kind for him.'

"Professional advice like this brings the cost of dying into the class of luxuries that are wasteful."

Here is an extract from the speech of an officer of one of the big life insurance companies before the convention of casket manufacturers in Cincinnati, May, 1923. He said:

"Years ago social agencies of one kind or another, charitable organizations, welfare workers, and frequently our own agents came to us with stories of 'gouging,' as it was put by them, by the undertaker and funeral director. They brought tales of the undertaker 'charging all the traffic would bear,' or making funeral costs equal to the face value of the policy. (The policies referred to were industrial policies for a few hundreds, and the contract provides the company may pay the insurance to the executor or administrator, or to the husband, wife, or any relative of the insured, or to any other person appearing to the company to be entitled to the insurance for expenses incurred on behalf of the insured, or for his or her burial.)

"We studied the situation. We found instance after instance of the truth of their statements. As a result we felt it incumbent, as a protection to the policyholders, to take very definite and determined action. This action has frequently been criticized. It consists primarily in refusing to accept assignments from undertakers, or to make payments on policy claims directly to undertakers. This was not for our benefit, but for the protection of people whom we considered our wards and for whom we were the stewards.

"Our agents were instructed to refuse information to undertakers with respect to the amount of insurance in force."

This insurance official detailed efforts made to have fixed prices quoted for funerals, offering to advertise those agreeing to this plan among this class of policyholders. Enough undertakers did not agree, and nothing came of the plan.

AFTER the undertaker has had his innings with your estate there are others. Your widow finds herself popular with a certain class of persons. Yes, they want to help her. Their idea is the same—any cash left by you, and particularly your insurance money.

You never could abide your wife's cousin, William. Maybe it was because he was never called Bill, but always was known as William. He was the smooth one of the family. Perhaps you did not catalogue him consciously as a person who would bear watching. But the fact remained you didn't cotton to him. He was forever trying something new. Always just about to make a fortune. And—always missing out by a hair.

Once was enough for you to get stung, and you were off Cousin William for life. But your wife! She likes the way he talks and the wonderful plans he is forever making. He's going to call on her. He'll sympathize with her over your untimely death. And when he has her in just the right mood, thinking what a wonderful man he is to appreciate you so—he's

going to spring his newest scheme for untold wealth. He'll make a fortune for her with the cash you left!

Let's see! Your policy called for the payment of ten thousand dollars. The first thousand goes for funeral expenses and other incidentals. The nine thousand dollars remaining, Cousin William shows your widow, if invested in the ordinary fashion at six per cent, will bring in only five hundred and forty dollars a year. In his hands it really can be put to work and will double, at least, in the next twelve months.

Your widow suddenly decides that nine thousand dollars is not a fortune on which she and the children can live indefinitely. As she is giving assent to Cousin William's method, she remembers she must live while waiting for the returns. She asks if he can't make her a fortune on five thousand dollars. Cousin William is no piker—he wants it all—or as much as he can get. She figures that she and the family can live for a year on two thousand dollars. The balance of seven thousand dollars is turned over to his tender mercies.

You don't need a clairvoyant's powers to see how your wife and family will act with this remaining two thousand dollars. Expenses will not be budgeted. They are not at present. And how can you expect your wife to change your system overnight? The result—this two thousand dollars will not last out the year.

Oh! Of course your wife wouldn't be such a dumb-bell as to allow the undertaker—or Cousin William—or friends—or relatives—or smooth stock salesmen, to put it over on her.

Perhaps not! But the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States issued a warning against smooth stock salesmen some time ago. And the better business organizations throughout the country have taken it upon themselves to warn against the investment of funds left to widows and orphans in stock that promises untold returns but performs not at all along these lines.

MAKING a bank co-executor with your wife is one way of seeing that your family is provided for. The hard headed banker is responsible for the funds, and the reputation of the bank is at stake. The bank is handling them—not the banker as an individual, which makes a great difference in the guarantee you have that your estate will be disposed of in proper fashion.

After providing for your estate you can arrange that your widow will get your insurance in a way that will assure her and your family of a living by having her put on the pay roll of the insurance company carrying your policy. Instead of being given to her in a lump sum the money will be paid as a pay check. Possibly there may be a reduction in the scale of living, for, considered as income, a ten thousand dollar, or even a fifteen thousand dollar policy does not bulk as large as a lump sum.

You decide that one hundred dollars a month for a term of years will help your family over the rough spots in the road of life. Insurance for about ten thousand five hundred dollars will provide this income for ten years; a policy for close to fourteen thousand five hundred dollars will provide it for fifteen years, and one for approximately seventeen thousand five hundred dollars for twenty years.

In other words, for the term of years you designate, and for which you take out the proper policy, your wife will receive a specified amount every month. The month to month bills will have to be met. Knowing the exact amount of each check and having to live within it, your wife will not have any money to give to Cousin William for his wild schemes.

To meet expenses of your funeral and last sickness and to pay inheritance taxes on your estate you can arrange to have a specified amount paid in a lump sum and the balance of the policy to be paid in monthly installments.

INCIDENTALLY, the income your wife receives under this plan is income tax exempt during the life of the contract. This is both as to the original amount and to the earnings—for the insurance company invests this money and pays not less than a certain specified interest. It may pay more, but never less. Your will may be subject to litigation, but the terms of the policy cannot be changed by court action. Profits from ordinary business may fluctuate, investments may depreciate, but the law provides certain fixed reserves to pay this insurance, and this income insurance contract never can vary from the stipulated sum.

This is no boost for banks, trust companies, or for insurance. It is merely wising you, Mr. Man, up to some old facts on wills and to some of the newer wrinkles of the insurance game which may have escaped your notice. Figure on making your will now. Pick out a good institution as joint executor with your wife.

If you want to know more about the income insurance plan, consult the man who wrote your policy—or any insurance man, since insurance is beginning to be considered a thing to be bought and not sold—just like any other needed commodity. You probably won't need a larger policy. All you may require is to have the terms of payment of your present policies changed to the income plan.

Also, figuring your insurance in terms of income will make you realize just what protection you are leaving your family. You may not consider them so well off with that ten thousand dollar policy as you now think. This will only give them an income of one hundred dollars a month for ten years. Figure your present expenses and see where they will be on this amount during the time the children are growing up. Disposing of your estate by will will give you the chance to take stock of your property and may be the means of your taking measures now that will prevent needless and expensive litigation in the future.

Don't put your wife on the Sucker List, Mr. Policy Holder!

Make your husband put you on the Pay Roll, Mrs. Beneficiary!

THE END

In rural parts the family undertaker is a man of consideration.

Box Fighting Is a

ONCE Upon a Time the Gladiators of the Prize Ring Battled for Sheer Love of the Game; Nowadays Most of Them Battle for Sheer Love of the Money. This Is a Story of the Fighter as a Canny Merchant.

Leach Cross, the first fighter to regard his battles as matters of cold business.
Int. Photo

"I TREATED my customers as a tradesman would. I tried to give them value so that they would come again. They did. That was my success as a business man because after all is said and done, fighting is a business and you can develop a following in it the same as you can in a mercantile line."

The above, which would pass for a sound declaration of policy by any business firm, is an excerpt from a letter to the writer by Leach Cross, the former pugilist. It is written on the engraved stationery of The Cross Arms, Hollywood, California. Dr. Leach Cross, dentist, chemist, and erstwhile pugilist, is the owner of the apartment house bearing this name. This is only one of his properties earned in the business of pugilism.

The status of Dr. Leach Cross in the financial world is the most substantial testimony as to the business acumen of Cross, the prize fighter or, as some of his followers put it, the "box fighter." He is the pioneer business man in pugilism. He set the example which put the prize ring on a substantial business basis. The Jack Dempseys, Bennie Leonards, and others merely follow in his footsteps.

Naturally it is a source of no little sorrow to Dr. Leach Cross that customers for prize fights were not as plentiful or as liberal in his day as they are now. But he made the best of the situation as he found it and has the engraved stationery of the Cross Arms to show for it where the late John L. Sullivan left nothing but the memory of his magnificence, and other champions left much less. Always remember that Leach Cross never was a champion. The ex-champions of his division, fighters who battled contemporaneously with him, never made or retained the money that Leach Cross, the merely near-champion, made and retained.

Says Dr. Leach Cross in this same letter, "I admit that there were hundreds of better fighters in New York than I at the time I was going well, but they did not draw as well because they did not give the crowd what they came to see, that is, not as consistently as I did. Many times I stalled just to please the crowd. I realized that some of them came for the express purpose of seeing me pull that, and, since they were customers, I gave them what they came to see. That is why they came again."

There were three brothers in the Cross family (the real name was Wallach), Leach, Marty, and Sam. Leach and Marty fought. Sam made the matches and looked after the family interests at the box office. All three were good business men, but Leach, of course, was the best fighter and the best business man of the three.

WHILE I give Leach Cross the credit for being the original business man in prize fighting, I must not forget the Attell family of San Francisco, which came just a little ahead of the Cross family. In the Attell family there were three brothers, Abe, once featherweight champion, Monte and Cæsar. The family was engaged in the pawnbroking business with fighting as a side line.

Abe was the head of the family and the champion. He was one of the most consummately clever boxers of any division. Long before I made the acquaintance of Leach Cross I have seen Abe Attell in the first few rounds of a critical fight hold his opponent and look over his shoulder.

"I was counting the house, leastways making an estimate of it," he explained. "You can't trust these promoters. They would hold out on you if you didn't keep your head."

Once Mrs. Attell, mother of this trio, was asked how it felt to have three sons in the prize ring. "Well," said the mother of the modern gladiators, "it is like this: When Cæsar is fighting, I am worried; when Monte is fighting, I am worried, but not so much; when Abie is fighting, I am not worried at all. Abie always can take good care of himself and he always wins. If all boys were like my Abie, mothers would not worry."

Bennie Leonard, king of the lightweights and a keen judge of box-office values.
Int. Photo

Do not mistake me. I do not mean to imply that the Attell boys and the Cross boys were at all lacking in courage because they were business men. Abe Attell would give away ten pounds to any fighter with a good purse in sight and I saw him stand and slug toe to toe with Battling Nelson when Nelson was champion.

Leach Cross, despite the fact that he maintains that he was a conservative business man, put up one of the most courageous exhibitions I ever saw in a prize ring when he lasted forty-two rounds with "Fighting" Dick Hy-

Business *By W. O. McGeehan*

land. He was beaten in the first round, the purse was small, but he would not quit, though any thoughtful fighter would have contrived to shorten that hopeless bout.

Once when Abe Attell needed money badly he was matched with a much heavier fighter. The law in that State would have prohibited the fight if Attell had been ten pounds lighter. Attell weighed himself and found that he was twelve pounds too light. Before the official weighing he bought three pounds of shot and, placing it in a bag, concealed it beneath his tights until he had passed inspection. This is the only time to my knowledge that a fighter ever tried to make himself appear heavier.

Here is another point that is brought out in the letter from Dr. Leach Cross.

"I had more of a personal following than any fighter that ever lived," he writes. "I realize that this is covering a lot of territory, but that was due to the fact that I was developed at a time when Jewish fighters were scarce."

UP to the time the Attells and the Crosses took up the "business" I can recall offhand only two Jewish fighters of any note at all, Mendoza, the old champion under the London Prize Ring Rules, and Joe Choynski, one of the earliest rivals of James J. Corbett, and one of the greatest and most formidable of the lesser and lighter heavyweights. He came very close to stopping the ring career of Corbett early. Their fight on the barge at Benicia was one of the most dramatic episodes in ring history. Mendoza was not only a great and clever fighter but he was more temperate and thrifty than any of the London Prize Ring gladiators.

Until Leach Cross frankly declared himself a Jew and made his appeal to Jewish fight "customers," the few Jewish and Italian fighters of the time were fighting under assumed names, chiefly Irish names. The legend then was that the American prize ring belonged to the Irish.

They tell one story of a co-religionist of Leach Cross reproaching him bitterly.

"Leaches," he said, "why do you not stick to a business? You are a dentist and that is a business. You are a chemist and that is a business. But now you become a box fighter and a box fighter is not a business. It is a loafer."

Ultimately Doctor Cross demonstrated to this critic and to the world in general that he was in a business and a fairly lucrative one at that. He says that I was the first to call him a business man and he accepted this as a compliment.

In this connection I read somewhere an interview with a relative of Bennie Leonard, the lightweight champion. This relative said: "I hope that some day Bennie will give up fighting and go into business for himself."

Seeing that the gross earnings of Bennie Leonard (Benjamin Leiner) must be close to or a little better than a million dollars one feels like asking, "If Bennie is not in business, just what is he in?'"

The last featherweight champion was Giuseppe Carrora, known to the prize ring as Johnny Dundee. This successor to Abe Attell was born in Italy. If he were beginning his ring career these days instead of nearing the end of it, he would not have changed his name. The business no longer requires that. In fact, a large section of Dundee's following exists because he is Giuseppe Carrora. Customers are drawn to him because he is Italian and customers make gate receipts which form the foundation of fortunes of the modern pugilistic business men.

Georges Carpentier, who fought to get money for his cheese-box business. International Photo

THE time was when Luis Angel Firpo, on coming to the United States to enter the business of pugilism, might have entered the ring under the nom de guerre of Young John L. Sullivan or something of the sort.

The English and the Irish seemed to fight for the love of it, especially the latter. This seemed to be the attitude of the early American fighters of this stock. They were improvident. They were satisfied with small rewards. They enjoyed their work for the work's sake. The Jewish fighters were the first to see the business possibilities and to put the game upon a business basis and Leach Cross was the chief factor in the move toward making pugilists our most practical men.

The most striking case of the business man in pugilism was that of Jess Willard, conqueror of Jack Johnson. Willard, a giant in physique, was a poor Kansas farmer and horse trader when Jack Johnson was irritating all of the ring followers. The call was out for a "white hope, who would bring back the championship to the white race."

Jack Dempsey gets the biggest purses and invests them as shrewdly as any banker. Int. Photo

Though possessed of great strength and stamina, Willard never felt the urge to enter the prize ring. He was so big that he was self-conscious of it. All that Willard was thinking about while the call for the white hope was being sounded was getting enough to keep his family from want. Farming and horse trading did not pay.

Finally it was pointed out to this Kansas giant that a white hope might earn enough in a brief space of time to make him independent. Though he was long past the age when men take up boxing, Willard started out to learn the business of prize fighting. He hated the ring and all connected with it but the lure of the big purses kept him in it. He did "bring back the championship to the white race" and he emerged from poverty by making the championship pay.

I sat beside the late John L. Sullivan when Jess Willard fought Frank Moran for a hundred thousand dollar guarantee. When it was over John L. Sullivan wrapped the drapery of his fur-lined cloak over himself and bel-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!
Your Constipated Child Needs "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

lowed, "That big bum! He's no fighter." He was not. He was a business man.

At present the most enterprising business men in pugilism are foreigners. I am saying this because while Jack Dempsey, the present heavyweight champion, commands the highest purses, he is not altogether in the game because of the business side. Dempsey might have become heavyweight champion even if there was comparatively nothing in the championship but the sheer joy of the fighting. In this Dempsey is at heart of the old school.

The business man of the hardest head is Señor Luis Angel Firpo. He landed in the United States with ten dollars and a celluloid collar. Today Firpo admits that he is worth more than a million Argentine *pesos* and the end is not yet. Firpo is the more remarkable business man because he shares his profits with no managers.

He showed his native business acumen from the start. For his first fight in this country he received one hundred and twenty-five dollars, but Señor Firpo obtained permission to take moving pictures of that bout. He would not agree to fight until he did. Subsequently Firpo sold the South American rights to those pictures for twenty-five thousand dollars.

HE said to me once, "They say that I am a very good business man. That pleases me. I hope to show that I am. When I am through with the fighting business I hope to be a success at some other business. It does not make me angry to be called 'Firpo, the business man.'" Señor Firpo is quite as frank as Doctor Cross.

Another of the prominent business men of the ring is Georges Carpentier. Carpentier was a gallant French soldier, but if there had not been money in the prize-fighting business he would not have taken up the ring. Before the war he had his ring earnings invested in coal mines near Lens. This investment suffered.

Carpentier's present side line is a factory which turns out the little round boxes for cheese. His last trip to the United States was to get more money to expand this factory. When he is through with the ring, Carpentier hopes to be the most prominent and affluent cheese box manufacturer of all Europe. His manager, Francois Descamps, is his partner.

Of course, there are fighters who actually like fighting. Jack Dempsey, as has been said, is one of these and so was the late John L. Sullivan. Battling Nelson was another. I have seen him, with his face battered beyond recognition, lick the blood from his lips, wolflike, and press forward eager for the kill.

But consider the case of fighters who are in the game as a business. They do not relish being battered about and they have no stomach for battering others. Many of the Jewish fighters are constituted that way. By this I do not mean to imply that the Jewish fighters in any way lack courage. On the contrary, it requires more courage on the part of the man who is not instinctively a killer to take up prize fighting as a business. Also, when you get the man who dislikes fighting into a battle, you usually find a very tough customer. This may sound paradoxical, but it is true.

WHILE Leach Cross had his ring following, it was comparatively a silent one. Those who came to see him beaten were far from silent. Whenever Leach Cross was fighting an opponent of Irish extraction, he would hear the cry of, "Kill the Jew."

In his letter Doctor Cross touches on this feature of his ring experience lightly and humorously. He seems not to bear even these customers any ill will, for after all they were cash customers. He writes:

"You often hear them yell, 'Kill the Jew' or 'Kill the Wop' or 'Kill the Mexican,' but neither you nor anybody else living ever heard them yell, 'Kill the Irishman,' because if there were only one Irishman in that house and he were only four feet tall, he would go out there and get the man who yelled that. The tough part of it is that we Jews know that too well."

Often I have sat close to the ringside when this cry was raised so vociferously that Cross could hear it. If he was not being pressed too hard Cross would look down and grin sardonically at the customer raising that cry. He had paid for his seat and was contributing to the building of The Cross Arms. He was one of the customers whom Cross was pleasing because he seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from raising that howl. Also, this customer came again in the hope of having his wish partially gratified.

Let us end this picture of the man who put prize fighting on a business basis with another characteristic anecdote. He was fighting an Irish-American. Suddenly Cross landed a blow flush on his opponent's mouth. The other fighter spat out a tooth. Remember that Doctor Cross was a graduate dentist.

"Come to my office tomorrow," said Cross quickly. "I'll fix you with a fine pivot tooth cheap."

A business man always was Leach Cross, the fighter, with the courage and the poise to succeed under every handicap in a business against which he instinctively revolted.

THE END

Fruits *and* Vegetables
Are Protective Foods

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution.

Above—Shepherd's pie—"a whole meal in one dish." At right—The five food groups in preparation for the pie.

A Satisfactory Dinner Menu	An Unsatisfactory Dinner Menu
Roast Beef	*Roast Beef*
Mashed Potatoes	*Browned Potatoes*
Gravy	*Gravy*
Creamed Carrots	*Buttered Carrots*
Vegetable Salad	*Bread*
Bread	*Fruit Gelatine*
Butter	*Coffee*
Cup Custard	

OUR eating habits, founded as they are on prejudice or fancy, unfortunately govern us in the important business of selecting a diet. Our eating consciences—that is, our appetites—are wholly untrained. These are affected as well by the ups and downs of a day's program. Consequently faulty menus are common. Money saved on milk may later be paid out for dental bills. An inadequate fruit supply may necessitate spring tonics. The insufficient use of vegetables may lead to constipation and loss of time with colds. These protective foods are essential to prevent dietary evils.

If you would choose your food wisely, study these five food groups. Every food you eat may be put into one of these groups. You should choose some food daily from each, as each group serves a special purpose in nourishing your body.

GROUP * I—Eat fruits and vegetables for protective foods.
GROUP II—Eat milk, eggs, fish, meat, cheese, beans, peas, or peanuts for body building material.
GROUP III—Eat cereals, wheat flour, cornmeal, oatmeal, rice, bread, et cetera for tissue building and fuel.
GROUP IV—Eat sugar, sirups, jellies, honey, and sweets for body fuel.
GROUP V—Eat fats, butter, margarine, oils, or suet for concentrated body fuel.

* Home Economics Division, United States Department of Agriculture.

Except that milk has no substitutes, you can exchange one food for another in the same group. For example, oatmeal may be used instead of wheat, but oatmeal cannot be used instead of milk. Use both oatmeal and milk. You need some food from each group every day. Do not skip any!

Serving such balanced meals, in which each group is represented, is not complicated. It need not be expensive. The recipes on this page will show how simply it can be done. They are all one-dish meals.

Meat and Vegetable Stew (for Six)

1 pound of mutton, lamb, beef, or veal
3 cupfuls of carrots or string beans
3 cupfuls white turnips, rutabaga, or cabbage
1½ onions
6 or 7 potatoes
3 or 4 stalks celery

PURCHASE a shoulder cut of meat. Remove fat and gristle and cut into two-inch cubes. Using the suet from meat or any other fat, brown the cubes of meat quickly. Add 1 quart of hot water; simmer for an hour, add the vegetables and cook until tender. Add water if needed. At the end the gravy should not quite cover the meat and vegetables. Thicken it by pouring a smooth paste of 1 tablespoon flour mixed with 1 tablespoon cold water for each cup of gravy. Season with salt and pepper. Boil five or ten minutes, stirring constantly. For variety the potatoes may be cooked separately and mashed. Spread these over the top and brush with melted butter. Brown in a moderate oven and you will have Shepherd's pie.

Tamale Pie (for Six)

1½ cups cornmeal
4 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons fat
1½ small onions, sliced
1 cup tomato
1 pound Hamburg steak (or round steak ground)

BOIL the salted water, remove from fire and stir in cornmeal. Mix well, stir, and cook directly over fire for five minutes and then cook over water forty minutes. Melt the fat in a pan and brown the onion. Add meat and stir until it loses its red color. Next, add the tomato and season with salt and pepper. Put a layer of cornmeal, using one-half of it, in a greased baking dish. Add the meat mixture and cover with cornmeal. Bake for thirty minutes.

Swiss Steak (for Six)

1½ pounds round steak, cut 1½ inches thick
1 cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ cup water or tomato juice
3 tablespoons fat
1 small onion, chopped fine
3 cups tomatoes
2 cups parboiled macaroni or rice

POUND the flour into the meat—first on one side, then on the other—using a heavy saucer or the instrument sold for this purpose. Put the fat in a frying pan and, when it is hot, brown the steak thoroughly on both sides. Sprinkle the salt over the meat, add the water, tomatoes, onions, and parboiled macaroni. Cover and simmer until the meat is tender—about two hours. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Fish Chowder (for Six)

1½ pounds codfish, haddock, or any white fish
4 cups cold water
2 or 3 slices salt pork, or 1 tablespoon fat
1½ onions
6 medium-sized potatoes
2 cups celery or carrots, diced
3 cups milk
6 crackers, crumbed

WASH the fish and cut the meat from the bones. Cover the bones with cold water and cook them for twenty minutes. Strain out the bones. Cut the pork into small cubes and fry with the onion, peeled and sliced. Add the browned pork, onion, potatoes, and carrots to the hot broth or first mixture. Cook fifteen minutes, and add the fish cut into small pieces, then cover the soup and let it simmer another fifteen minutes. Finally, add the milk to the soup, put in the crackers, and cook the chowder five minutes longer. Serve hot. (If salt fish is used, soak it in cold water before using. Canned fish flakes may also be used. In which case, since there are no bones, add the water and vegetables to the browned fat and onions and cook them for fifteen minutes before putting in the fish.)

Braised Beef (for Six)

2 pounds of beef (round, rump, flank, or chuck)
4 tablespoons fat
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups carrots, diced
2 cups turnips, diced, or cabbage, sliced
2 cups celery, sliced
2 onions, sliced
3 cups hot water

DREDGE the meat with flour. Melt the fat and brown the entire surface of the meat. Place a layer of mixed vegetables in the bottom of pan. Add the remaining vegetables. Season and add hot water. Cover closely and let the meat simmer for two or three hours on top of stove or in a slow oven. (Tomatoes may be used in place of part of the water. Diced potatoes or ½ cup macaroni or rice may be added. Added flavor may be given by the addition of 6 peppercorns, or a sprig of parsley, or bay leaf. Commonly the gravy is not thickened for braised beef, though it may be if desired.)

Braised Tongue (for Six)

THE above recipe may be varied by using fresh—not smoked—beef tongue. The tongue must be cooked in water for one hour at a simmering temperature. Remove the skin and roots of the tongue, peeling it off from the root end toward the tip. Sear this cooked meat on all sides and place in a deep dish surrounded with diced vegetables and hot water in the proportions given for braised beef. Cover and cook for two hours longer as is the case with braised beef.

WHERE Are the Private Papers of Austin Eldridge, the Slain Millionaire, Who Boasted of His Secrets and of His Enemies? Was Lennox Killed by the Same Murderer? And How Is the Beautiful Lorraine Involved in the Mystery?

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

ANYTHING

By Carolyn

What Has Happened So Far in the Story

AUSTIN ELDRIDGE, a financier of many secrets and many enemies, is found brutally murdered. Just before the crime he had been dozing, in full sunlight, on the porch of his summer home in Shoredale. A carving knife had been driven into his heart.

LORRAINE ELDRIDGE, the financier's beautiful adopted daughter, states, when questioned, that she was lying in a hammock near him when he was stabbed. Roused by the luncheon gong, she had found him dead. She testifies further that a few minutes before her gruesome discovery she and

GRANT MAXWELL had been begging Eldridge to consent to their engagement. But he had interrupted them curtly, declaring that Maxwell's snobbish mother did not think Lorraine good enough for Grant. Lorraine, believing she could persuade her father to relent if left alone with him, had sent Maxwell away. So, at the moment Eldridge was stabbed, she was the only person near him.

LENNOX, the faithful butler, declares that the carving knife left in his master's breast was not part of the household equipment.

CROSBY, Eldridge's lawyer, is unable to find any will or any adoption papers relating to Lorraine.

PETER THORNE, a self made detective, is eager to take a hand in the solution of the mystery. Lorraine decides to ask his services after she has had a midnight discussion with Grant Maxwell in an arbor within the Eldridge grounds. On their return from this meeting a cloaked figure darts from the house, rushes past them, and disappears into the darkness, but not before Lorraine recognizes the intruder as Grant's mother. After Grant leaves her, Lorraine enters the house and is horrified to find, upon the library floor, the dead body of Lennox, the butler. Believing that Mrs. Maxwell must have been the murderess, she decides upon a ruse. She telephones Grant, "Everything is all right." In this way she hopes to avert suspicion—to make it seem that the crime had been committed after Mrs. Maxwell's flight. Then she mounts the stairs to her room, but goes down again shortly afterward, driven by the thought that the butler may only be desperately wounded. She makes sure he is dead and, quite innocently, picks up some letters that are scattered about the room. These she puts neatly away in the desk.

ESSIE, one of the maids, upsets Lorraine's plans for secrecy by revealing that she saw Lorraine go downstairs at about the time the butler was murdered. Peter Thorne, upon taking over the case, questions Lorraine. She keeps silent on the subject of Mrs. Maxwell's midnight visit. But Thorne suspects she is shielding someone.

CHAPTER VII. *(Continued).*

ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

"OH, MY HEAVENS!" The words burst from Lorraine's lips. "Why do you think I'm shielding anybody?"

"Listen, Miss Eldridge," Thorne said, earnestly, "you and I can't get along at all unless we're frank and truthful. You are suspected of crime. You didn't commit it. You want me to free you from suspicion. Well, this I can do, but only if you are absolutely truthful. See?"

"Suppose," she said slowly, "suppose I tell you everything."
"Suppose you do," he said gravely.

But the TRUTH

Wells

Pictures by
ROBERT G. JONES

Lorraine saw.

"Suppose," she said, slowly, "suppose I tell you everything."

"Suppose you do," he said, gravely.

And then Lorraine told him, truthfully, of the happenings of the night before. Told of her going to the arbor at eleven to meet Grant Maxwell, and of their coming home. Told of her seeing the veiled woman on the porch—the woman whom she knew to be Mrs. Maxwell. Voiced her hope and belief that Grant had not recognized his mother; and then went on to tell how she had come into the house, and, seeing the dead butler, had immediately telephoned Grant that all was right. Only one thing did she fail to mention, and that only because she herself had forgotten the apparently unimportant fact. She did not tell of the papers she had replaced in the desk.

"Why did you telephone?" asked Thorne.

"Because, otherwise, if he had seen his mother and recognized her, he would have wondered what she had been up to over here. And, as it is, when he hears of Lennox's death, he won't connect his mother with it, because I telephoned him everything was all right."

"I see," said Peter Thorne.

"And so," Lorraine went on, "I concluded to call you in. And I want to tell you, you'll have a hard row to hoe, for my father's business had a simply incredible number of ramifications and side issues. But none of his business enemies killed him; I'm sure of that."

"So am I," agreed Thorne, heartily. "I've kept in touch with all the developments. I know where the whole matter stands."

"And where does it stand?" asked Lorraine.

"If you mean what is the solution of the whole mystery, I can't say, as yet," was the grave reply. "But I know you didn't kill your father, nor did you kill the butler, so, at least, we have those facts to stand on."

"Were both of them killed by the same murderer?" asked Lorraine, wonderingly.

"No," said Peter Thorne, positively. "I don't know all the details yet, but they were not. I can assure you of that."

"Then there are two murderers to be found," said Lorraine.

"There are two murderers to be found," echoed Peter Thorne, solemnly.

"And you will find them?" she asked.

"I will find them," he replied.

A Serial Story of Love, Crime, and Mystery

CHAPTER VIII.

PAPERS.

PETER THORNE went back to the inn and sat down by himself to think matters over.

A slight tap at his door was followed by the impetuous entrance of Ed Miles.

"Oh, gee!" he exclaimed. "So you're going to take on the Eldridge case! Can I help you? Oh, say, Mr. Thorne, can I?"

"What can you do to help?"

"Oh, lots of things. You'll want somebody to run errands or watch people—shadow 'em, you know. And you'll want somebody to talk over things with, like Sherlock Holmes talked to Watson. Don't you see how much help I can be? Anyway, you've just got to let me try. Why, I can keep you posted on all kinds of outside talk you'd never get a chance to hear."

"There's something in what you say, lad." Thorne looked ruminative. "Yet I don't want you to become a professional eavesdropper, a listener at keyholes and all that."

"No, no, not that, Mr. Thorne. But often I hear people talking over the case—they never pay any attention to me—and I could get pointers from them."

"Well, suppose you try it. You're only a boy, Miles, but I believe you have the impulse of a detective."

"Oh, I have—I know I have. Now, you tell me first, Mr. Thorne, what you've done so far."

Ed Miles sat bolt upright in his chair. His eyes shone with interest and he gripped his hands together in the intensity of his excitement.

Thorne smiled a little.

"You'll be disappointed to learn I've done practically nothing."

"No, I can't believe that. Please, Mr. Thorne—please trust me and—and spill it."

"Then all I've done is to tell Miss Eldridge that I will discover the identity of the men

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$1000.00 Monthly in this Staple Business

Read Ranson's Success Story

Fred Ranson was tired of his job as traveling salesman for an Indiana grocery concern. One day he ran across a TATER-FLAKE store in a small Hoosier town. Ranson, knowing the universal appeal and splendid sales qualities of a food product was interested. He bought a sack of TATER-FLAKES, tasted them, and was amazed at the delightful flavor. He found other TATER-FLAKE stands on his travels. Everywhere Ranson heard the same report—thriving business and making money. He even carried his investigations into Chicago, and before he left for home had bought a TATER-FLAKE machine. Today he is earning an average of $1000 a month—running around $250 weekly. Others, too—Berry, Bratton, Sullivan, Hoffman & McLeish and many more— have been equally successful. All are making money easily, rapidly and pleasantly. TATER-FLAKES offers an unusual opportunity—a chance for you to get into a thriving, dignified business. It's worth investigation. Write and get our proposition.

$250 Weekly!

Making and selling TATER-FLAKES—**the new and better potato chip. A newly invented machine does the work. Produces an old staple food product in an improved way.** Slices, cooks, crisps, browns and delivers **automatically.** Adds taste, crispness, flavor, goodness and quality to an old favorite **food.** Machine is so simple that **boy or girl may** operate. $2.00 worth of raw potatoes produces $25.00 worth of TATER-FLAKES. **Profits are unusually large.** Market large. **No experience needed.** Small investment starts you. Scores successful. It's a good, staple, reliable business. Knows no seasons. **Everybody buys.** Business increases rapidly. It's an opportunity for you. Investigate.

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Dept. 41, 20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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Our representatives, calling at your home, are authorized to make the following special offerings—for this week only (Nov. 27 to Dec. 4):

With every three pairs of No. 300, Full-Fashioned Chiffon Stockings, all silk, tip to top (3 pairs for $7), *pair of underhose gratis.*

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

who killed her father and her butler."

"Men? Then you don't think the same chap killed them both?"

"I told Miss Eldridge I didn't, but maybe I spoke too quickly——"

"What difference, anyway, if one man or two did those murders—we've got to find out both answers, and, if it's the same man, who cares?"

"That's true, Miles, and I think that I'll begin at the latter end. I mean I'll try to learn who killed Lennox and that may be indicative of the other criminal—or the same one in his double rôle."

"Yes"—the youngster spoke sagely—"you'd better begin at the Lennox end, because you're in it now, and you can get all the data of that part of it. You weren't on deck when Mr. Eldridge was killed and so had no chance to investigate properly. What do you think about Lennox?"

"Either that he was prowling among Mr. Eldridge's papers or that someone else was. In either case, the other person was angry or afraid or both and stabbed the man to save his own skin."

"Looks more like the other man was doing the snooping and Lennox came down to see what was up."

"Yes, it looks that way, but the obvious is not always the truth. Now, to find the other man. There's no use surmising and guessing. We've got to get some definite evidence or some unmistakable clew to the real intruder."

"How are you going to do that?"

"Here's one thing. Whoever was there was interested in Mr. Eldridge's private papers. I shan't go into the matter at all unless I can have a free hand with those papers. And another thing. Granting somebody was there in the night and that he was surprised by Lennox and stabbed the butler to get rid of him, it is strange he should deliberately pick up and put away, so neatly, the rest of the papers.

"Now, I'm going to have an early supper and go over to the Eldridge house and shut myself into that Library and do all I can to make it give up some secrets—some straw that will at least hint which way the wind blows."

LATER, as Thorne took his way over to the Eldridge home, he wondered whether he had been wise in making a confidant of the Miles boy. But he was a good judge of character, and he felt sure Ed Miles could help him.

When he reached the Eldridge house he found that the family had just sat down to dinner and, though Lorraine came out to greet him, he refused to keep her from the table.

"Just shut me into the library," he begged, "and let me shift for myself."

She took him at his word, and in a few moments he found himself alone with the papers and documents that must represent, in part at least, the recent activities of Austin Eldridge.

Elated, he took a preliminary survey.

ONE large secretary desk, at which, quite evidently, Eldridge habitually sat, was full of pigeonholes and inclosed compartments, all of which were fairly stuffed with papers.

"Why did he keep so many?" Thorne asked himself in surprise, for, as he pulled out some here and there, they seemed of small importance. Tentatively he picked up the papers nearest him. They were an unpaid tailor's bill, a circular from a Wall Street broker's office, and a letter appealing for aid to an organized charity. Perhaps part of the last mail the dead man had received, yet some of them seemed to have been left over from past weeks.

Two pigeonholes were filled with papers, smoothly and neatly laid in.

These, Thorne at once concluded, had been stacked up and put there by the intruder who had been searching among them the night before—the unknown visitant who, surprised by Lennox, had stabbed the butler with one of the many paper cutters lying about.

"Then," Thorne argued to himself, "there may be finger marks on these letters which may point to the marauder——"

Even as he looked at the envelopes he saw many finger prints, all alike, quite evidently made by the prowler.

He saw, too, that their delicacy and smallness betokened the hand of a woman. Could it, then, have been Mrs. Maxwell who had come for some incriminating papers, and who, in self-protection, had killed Lennox?

Seating himself in Austin Eldridge's own swivel chair, Thorne carefuly laid aside the envelopes that showed the small finger prints, though he thoroughly investigated their contents.

A bunch of keys was in one of the small drawers, and, as he had no scruples against using them, he soon learned that they opened all of the locked places. Unless, indeed, there might be some secret hiding places, or sliding panels, of which he, as yet, knew nothing.

The moments flew by. Thorne sat, absorbed. As he rapidly unfolded a paper and scanned its contents he would lay it on one of three piles which he dubbed to himself Unimportant, Important, and Vital.

The first pile was by far the largest of the three, the second pile of lesser size, and the third

" Men? Then you don't think the same chap killed them both?"

pile, as yet, contained less than half a dozen dozen documents. But Peter Thorne's face had grown very serious and he had a look of amazement in his deep, dark blue eyes that portended thoughts on grave matters.

There came a knock at the door, and a moment later Lorraine entered.

Peter smiled as he laid down his cigaret.

" I've been absorbed," he said. " The papers are in such a mess I'm only just making a beginning."

" Then you've found out nothing as yet? "

" Nothing bearing on the mystery—either of the mysteries. But I've found out a lot of things. I mean, your father was mixed up in all sorts of ways with all sorts of people. You don't want details now, do you? "

" Not now," she returned, impulsively. " You go on, Mr. Thorne, and finish this task you've set yourself. Then—and here's the gist of the matter—if I'm proved to be his daughter, legally adopted, and his heir, why, I'll take up this question and do all in my power to save his reputation and his name from dishonor."

" Spoken like a brick! " Thorne cried. " Now, Miss Lorraine, I'm right in the thick of it, and I'd like to put it through at one sitting. I think I can do it tonight, but it may mean my being here very late——"

" I hope no one will come in and stab you," she said, and her wan little smile made her speech more serious than joking.

" No one will come with evil intent," he assured her, gently, " and if you will let your servants know of the arrangement they will not walk in on me."

" I'll tell them. By the way, have you noticed the great number of paper cutters and letter openers there are about? "

" Yes. Was it a hobby of your father's? "

" One of his many hobbies. He loved to collect, but only odd and unusual things. He had a perfect passion for all kinds of library fittings. Penholders—I believe he has a hundred valuable ones. Inkstands by the dozen, of all sorts of materials and workmanship. And, of late, paperweights have been his fad."

" I see many 'round the room, some of rare beauty and value."

" Yes, but he was fondest of the old-fashioned type known as *'Millefleurs.'* Do you know those? "

" Aren't they round glass balls filled with flowers or shells, and mounted on small slabs of marble? "

" Yes, that kind. Well, there's a certain form of those things that represents a snowstorm."

" Oh, I know! You turn it upside down, and when you turn it back a veritable little snowstorm comes down on the landscape. I saw one when I was a child, but I've never seen one since."

" No wonder, for they're exceedingly rare—that is, the genuine old ones. There are modern reproductions, but my father didn't care for those, though even those are scarce. Mr. Crosby, our lawyer, is as fond of these things as father was. I'll show you one that belonged to father, that really fascinates Mr. Crosby. If I'm the heir, I'm going to give it to him, for his heart's set on it."

FROM a cupboard Lorraine brought forth the trinket in question. It was a clear glass ball and contained, in the background, a lighthouse, with a cottage near by. The foreground was sea, on which a sailboat showed. The coloring was bright and attractive, and in the high lighthouse gleamed a red light.

With a smile Lorraine quickly turned the thing over, and then back, and set it on the table.

Like two children they watched the snow come down in whirling clouds, then slowly grow less and less in volume, until it gradually ceased to fall, and the atmosphere cleared again.

" Well," Peter Thorne said to himself when she had left him to his work, " if I fall in love with the pretty Lorraine, that would be a nice kettle of fish, wouldn't it? I must guard against *that,* of all things! "

He sat down again. But the spell had been broken. As he lay back in his chair, musing, his eyes fell on the snowstorm paperweight. He gave it a turn and idly watched the snow.

Suddenly he started. The glass was covered with fingerprints. His own and hers.

Silently he reached for his fingerprint outfit, which he had brought in his bag. Gravely he copied and developed the prints, and then did the same with the small and dainty prints he had found on that bundle of letters in the desk.

They were identical.

So Lorraine Eldridge was the one who had stacked away those letters so neatly. That would seem to let out Mrs. Maxwell—or did it? His brain was a-whirl.

Nothing proved; everything possible, probable, plausible, but nothing positive.

CHAPTER IX.

WITNESSES.

AS Thorne stepped up to the porch of the inn at which he was staying, Ben Browning was just opening the front door. Browning was the genial proprietor of that hospitable establishment, and, from the first, had taken a keen interest in the Eldridge murder.

It was only shortly after sunrise, but Ben was of the early bird variety.

" Hello, Mr. Thorne," he called out. " You're late, getting home so early! Where you been? "

" To the Eldridges."

" Well, well. What you makin' of the case? "

" Not much, so far. It's as full of complications as——"

" As Austin Eldridge's life! I'll bet you there's hardly a man in Shoredale—with any

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

money, that is—who wasn't more or less mixed up with Eldridge."

"Did Mr. Eldridge fleece them?"

"N-no, I wouldn't say that, but they just naturally gravitated to him. If they wanted to invest money, or borrow money, or make money—aye, or lose money, they drifted to Eldridge like the needle to the pole. Queer—he didn't seem to invite them, or decoy them, or anything like that, but they jest went."

"And what was the result? Disaster?"

"NOT always. Lots of times he helped people I know to make fine investments, and get rich offen 'em. Then, sometimes, they'd fail—not through any fault of Mr. Eldridge's. And sometimes the shoe would be on the other foot. I mean, the men would give Eldridge something he wanted, 'stead of gettin' a favor."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well, there's Crosby. I guess it was give and take between those two. Right along, for years, whatever Eldridge wanted in a legal way, he got Crosby to put it over for him somehow. And wicy wersy, whatever Crosby wanted—say, money for his land projicks, or anything—Eldridge's bank account was pretty much at his disposal.

"It's a queer case, Mr. Thorne, and the queerest thing about it is there's a lot of people who don't want the matter of an investigation pushed too hard. Take the bank, now. They don't want to dig too deep, lessen they find out some of their crowd did the murder. 'Course, I mean the Eldridge murder—that butler is only a side issue. Well, then, the political bunch, they don't want to probe deep, either, for who knows but some evidence will crop up there? Eldridge was goin' to run for mayor this fall, and like as not he was ready to pull some wires that weren't any too clean."

"You amaze me with all this, Mr. Browning. I've been in Mr. Eldridge's own library all night long, going over his papers, and while I found some surprising information, there was nothing as serious as these things you tell of."

"No? Then listen here, Mr. Thorne. You didn't get at his privatest papers. For that man must have had some documents and statements that would make your hair curl! You search further and deeper—Lord knows where, I don't—and you'll strike some snappy stuff."

"That is good advice. One thing more, please. Is Mr. Crosby a married man?"

"Not now, he ain't. His wife died five or six years back. He's the catch of the town, but he don't take much interest in the women folks. He's a man's man. Likes his clubs, indoors and out. He lives with his sister, Miss Lucia—she keeps house for him in that big house up yonder, but half the time he eats here, and he's in his office or out at the golf club a lot."

"Well, Mr. Browning, I'll run upstairs now. I'll be back for breakfast in less than half an hour."

Thorne was as good as his word. On his return downstairs he found many of the breakfast tables occupied. He saw Mr. Crosby sitting alone at a table. As a tentative glance in his direction brought a cordial response, Thorne accepted his invitation, sat down by him, and ordered his breakfast.

"Well, son, what do you think about the whole affair now?" It was Crosby's rôle to be patronizing and fatherly.

"The plot thickens," said Thorne, with an air of mystery. "By the way, Mr. Crosby, you were Mr. Eldridge's lawyer. Don't you know where he kept all his most particularly private papers?"

"No, I don't. I wish to heaven I did. There is one box—I mean one box that I know of—that we ought to have at once. None of the questions can be settled until that box turns up."

"What's in it?" asked Thorne, without much show of interest.

"What isn't in it? It probably contains the memoranda of Mr. Eldridge's prospective will, for one thing."

"And what else?"

"The adoption papers, perhaps. We can't know until we find that box. I know one exists. I've seen it."

"Were they in the box you say you saw?"

"I DON'T know. I never saw the papers myself. But I'm sure there is some place not yet discovered that holds many of his most important documents, and they must be found."

"You don't think there's a secret panel——"

"I do not. The last thing I'd look for is that. Why, there can't be any such thing in a new, modern summer cottage! Absurd!"

Peter Thorne thought Crosby rather overemphasized the impossibility of this secret hiding place and shrewdly suspected him of intent to deceive. And Thorne then and there made up his mind that, if there were such a hiding place, he would find it.

"Headed for the inquest, I suppose," Crosby said as they rose from the table.

"Yes—though such inquiries usually get nowhere."

The inquest was held in the drawing room at Myrtle Lawn, for the case had become celebrated, and it was assumed that this murder was entirely consequent upon the other. Wherefore the attendance was large, and the great drawing room was none too spacious.

There was some preliminary and uninteresting questioning, but it all tended in one direction. It was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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clear to be seen, from the very first, that Bennett definitely suspected a criminal and that he had made all his inquiries bend in that direction.

Essie, one of the maids, repeated what she had told before about seeing Lorraine go out to the summer house to meet Maxwell.

Grant Maxwell's mother, who was present, gave a start at this disclosure, and, putting up her lorgnette, stared so hard at Essie that the poor girl almost sank to the floor.

"Then you saw Miss Eldridge come in?" pursued Bennett.

"Why, yes, sir; an hour or so later."

"And went straight to her own bedroom?"

"N-no, sir; she—she went into the library."

"Oh, she did? And how long did she stay there?"

"Not long, sir; she—she telephoned next."

"You are a competent witness! To whom did she telephone?"

"To Mr. Maxwell."

"And what did she say to him? Could you hear?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I could hear."

"Well, what did she say?"

The room was in absolute silence. Peter Thorne glanced from one tense face to another. Lorraine sat with her eyes closed. Grant Maxwell, beside his mother, sat with clenched hands and white face, powerless to do or say anything, but suffering acutely as the tale was unfolded.

Mrs. Maxwell, her face haughty and stern, let her dark eyes roam from one to another, and it seemed to Peter that she had a look of dismay or discomfort on her face.

Tom Kennedy and his sister sat together, holding hands and glancing every now and then at Lorraine, yet not daring to go to her.

"What did she say?" repeated the coroner.

"I dunno as I can remember her very words, but it was to the effeck that she just called him up to say good night, and then"—Essie paused, for sheer dramatic tension—"she went on and told him that everything was all right—everything was all right!"

Waiting a moment for the murmur of excitement to die away, Bennett said:

"What did Miss Eldridge do next?"

"Went straight up to her room, and went in and shut the door."

"Did she see you?"

"I don't think so. She didn't seem to."

"And she stayed in her room?"

"No, sir; in about half an hour—maybe less—she was downstairs again."

"Where?"

"In the liberry."

"How long did she stay there?"

"Five minutes—near's I can say."

"And you watched her come up again?"

"Yes, sir. I thought I might as well see it through. Of course, I didn't know what was goin' on downstairs."

"Well, finish it up. Then Miss Eldridge went again to her room, and that time she stayed there?"

Suddenly he started — the glass was covered with finger prints! His own and hers.

"Yes, sir; lessen she went down again after I fell asleep. But I don't think she did, sir."

"In my opinion, the way to be sure about the matter is to ask the principals," said Bennett, and he called on Grant Maxwell next.

The poor chap was in a quandary. He had not seen Lorraine alone since they parted that night. He wanted to say what she wanted him to say. He would willingly perjure himself, if he was sure what line of falsehood she wanted him to take.

As he wasn't sure, he made up his mind to be as noncommittal as possible, and try to hit it off.

"You met Miss Eldridge in the arbor last evening?" Bennett asked, a little ill at ease facing this stern faced young aristocrat.

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"At eleven."

"How long did you stay there?"

"An hour or more."

"Then you returned to the house?"

"Yes."

"Did you go in the house?"

"No."

"Did you leave Miss Eldridge at her door?"

"Yes."

THE monosyllables got on Bennett's nerves. Out of sheer indecision what to say next, he blurted out, "Did you see anyone as you were out there?"

Maxwell stared at him. It was really to gain time, but his silent pause bothered Bennett, who flushed and fidgeted.

Maxwell saw this and inwardly rejoiced. Then, with an icy stare, he said, "No."

Lorraine drew a long breath. She had been so afraid he would say yes, and that Mrs. Maxwell would, somehow, be dragged into this thing.

"And you went straight home, after leaving Miss Eldridge?"

"Yes."

"You received a telephone message from her?"

As this had already been attested, Grant deemed it judicious to tell the truth. So he said "Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She said good night again, and that everything was all right."

"What did she mean by that?"

"What she said, I suppose."

"But everything was *not* all right!"

As this was not a question, Maxwell made no reply. Bennett felt he could stand no more of this witness. He called Lorraine at once.

Feeling his cold eyes upon her, the girl shuddered slightly. Then, with an effort, she steeled herself for the ordeal.

What desperate explanation could Lorraine make when struggling to free herself from the strangling accusation of two murders? How she tried to defend herself will be told in the sixth installment, in next week's issue.

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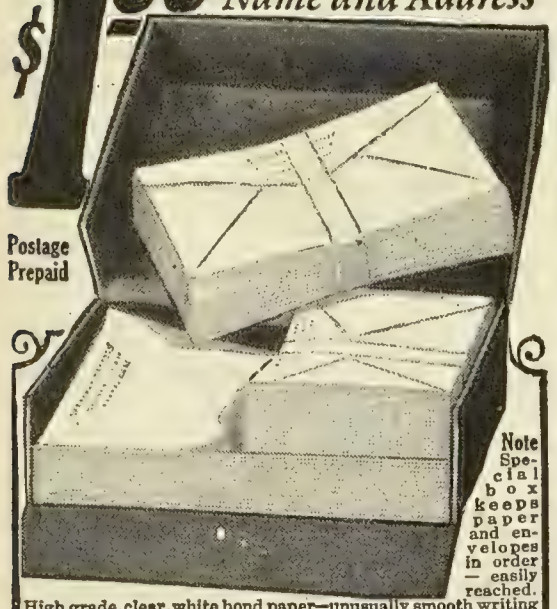

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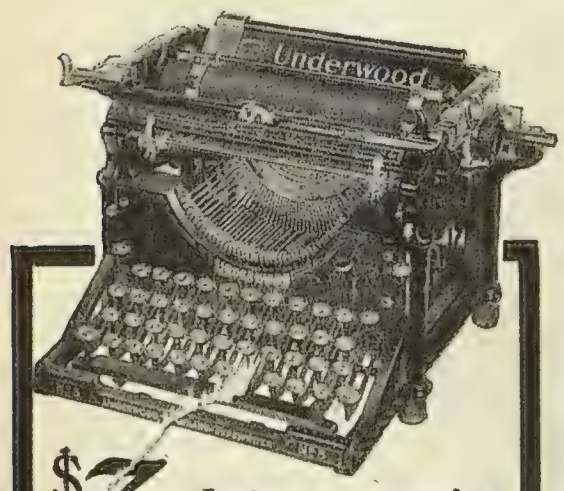

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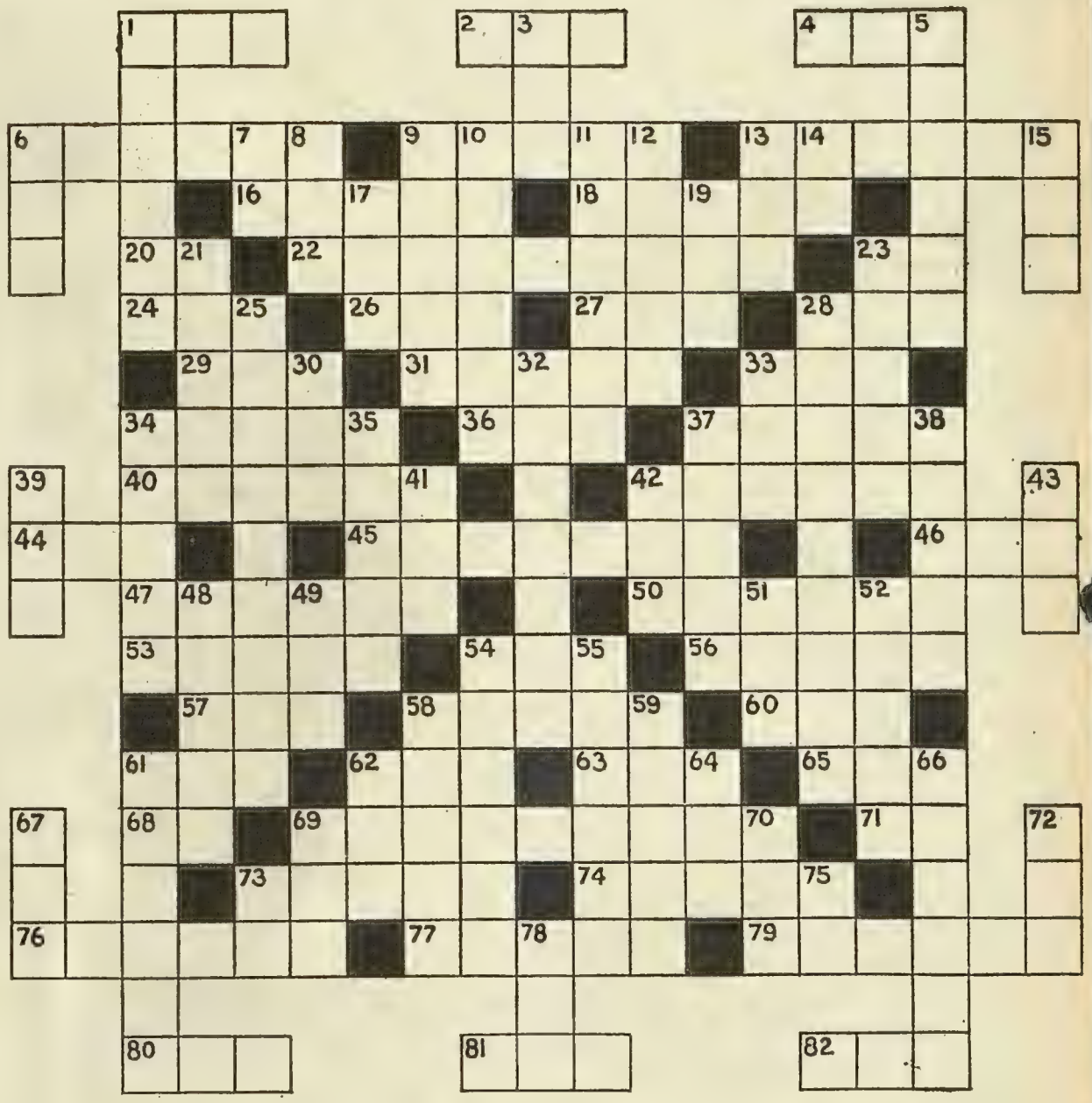
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle—No. 4



THIS cross-word puzzle has a fancier design than the one you did last week, but you'll find it is just as much fun to work it out. With a dictionary at hand it won't be difficult.

In case you aren't a cross-word puzzle victim already, here are the rules you follow to become one.

In this puzzle, the horizontal word beginning in space No. 6 is defined as "Governor of a province in ancient Persia." The answer to this is "satrap." The third letter in "satrap" is also the third letter of the vertical word beginning in space No. 1. The definition of No. 1 is a "breed of hunting dog." Find out what hunting dog has "t" for the third letter, and you're off. Good luck to you! The answer will be in next week's Liberty.

The cross-word puzzle is the mah jongg of 1924. It's a great game, and puzzle by puzzle you'll find your vocabulary getting bigger and better. Don't send in your answers; this isn't a contest. It's for your own amusement.

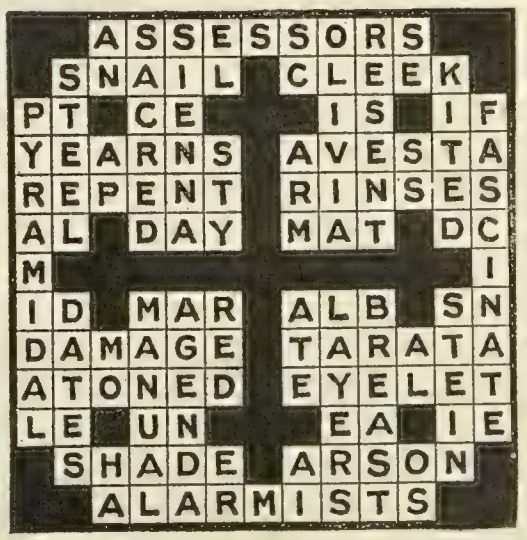
DEFINITIONS OF WORDS

VERTICAL

1 A breed of hunting dog
3 Portion of a curved line
5 A beetle carved out of stone by ancient Egyptians
6 To plant
7 Nickname for a Governor of New York
8 Slang for "chum"
9 An arboreal animal of Madagascar
10 A sentient living being
11 Effaced
12 Acted foolishly
13 A piece of furniture
14 Means of transportation (init.)
15 A measure by weight
17 Strike with sudden motion
19 Irritate
21 A round-up
23 Frivolous objection
25 Pure Spanish speech
28 Objection
30 Extinct New Zealand bird
32 From head to foot
33 Jewel
34 Supports (noun)
35 Drinking vessel
37 Upright part of a step
38 Takes care of
39 A beverage
41 Object in view
42 Baronet's title
43 To watch secretly
48 Measures of land
49 A plot of land
51 An animal used as a plaything
52 Prefix meaning "within"
54 A mark made by folding pliable material
55 Leave
58 Covetousness
59 A leg bone
61 An American college
62 A sea eagle
64 A fairy
66 Italy (Latin)
67 A prefix to Scotch and Irish names
69 To keep out
70 And so forth (Latin abbrev.)
72 Familiar name for father
73 A business organization (abbrev.)
75 Point of the compass
78 A game of cards

HORIZONTAL

1 Turf
2 A rotating piece in machinery
4 Prefix meaning "twice"
6 Governor of a province in ancient Persia
9 Fastened
13 American poet who wrote Thanatopsis
16 Loaded
18 One who roams
20 Suffix forming comparative degree
22 Divided in layers
23 Calcium (chemical symbol)
24 Mythological bird of great size
26 A vagabond
27 Gender
28 A conveyance
29 An artificial river obstruction
31 Drove at high speed
33 A high state official (abbrev.)
34 Spanish coins
36 A youth
37 To pardon
40 To turn around an axis, as a wheel
42 Free from complexity
44 The fifth sign of the Zodiac
45 Slight convexity of the shaft of a column
46 To pinch
47 Pale or wan
50 Recompensed
53 A descendant
54 A Spanish hero
56 Part of harness
57 A rodent
58 Welcome
60 A powerful explosive
61 A female fowl
62 Before
63 Kind of pastry
65 Prefix meaning "thrice"
68 A bone (anatomical or zoölogical)
69 Fragile
71 A preposition
73 Walking sticks
74 Fissures
76 A great noise
77 Greek letter
79 Overlaid a wall with plaster
80 To drag
81 To study closely
82 By way of



Solution of Puzzle No. 3

How vitally an original sleeve may contribute to a straight line evening coat is suggested at the left in a model of moss green velvet, lined and cuffed in light blue and set off with skunk. Second, the new technique of capes is revealed by this red-and-silver brocade trimmed with white fox. Third, a coat that may be of metal cloth, metal brocade, or chiffon velvet persuades you once again of the value of the flared hem line. This may be trimmed with chinchilla, sable, fox, or skunk. Last, a cape of silver metal cloth with finely plaited yoke and two wide encircling tucks is lined so tactfully in black velvet bordered with silver that either side of the cape may be worn. Lynx is the chosen fur.

USE COATS OR CAPES AS EVENING WRAPS

by Corinne Lowe

BEYOND doubt the coat prevails against the cape in this year's modes. Nevertheless, you do not need to feel at all nervous about wearing a cape. The fact is that this latter garment is once more keeping regular office hours.

Of course, there's nothing flare-proof this season. One will soon feel hurt, doubtless, if even the kitchen apron does not observe this tendency of thrusting outward at the hem-line. It is in line with this pervasive sentiment that many of the evening coats flare quite as emphatically as do the evening frocks.

I am illustrating this approved conduct in the third model from the left. In this adaptation of a Lelong model you will note the circular sections attached at each side. Such circular folds vie with godets and flounces in producing the desired scenery at the hem of this winter's evening coat.

Nor is the cape, either, taking any steps to prevent the flare. For many of these garments add a fuller lower section to a fitted top.

In the second drawing you see how ineffectual is a deep U shaped yoke to stem the tide of fullness, for this yoke shoots upward in front and leaves two half deep lengths of the material to present width and in the back another width does what it can.

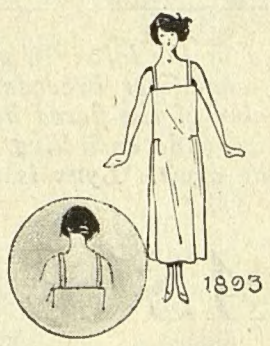
And what is the most fashionable of materials for these fluffs? Yes, the metallic texture! The shaded or *dégradé* experiments which have taken such hold upon our imaginations have not overlooked metallic fabrics, and what could be more fairylike than a silver cloth in which play three different tints of some such color as green?

Chiffon velvet is the second favorite and it occurs notably in geranium red, royal blue, various tints of green and white. Our fourth illustration reveals how a pact may be made between these two chosen fabrics, for here a cape of silver metal cloth is lined so tactfully with black velvet that either side may be presented to the world.

The black velvet surface for afternoon and less formal evening wear — the silver surface for the most elaborate occasions! What more welcome find than one of these two-in-one garments?

WINTER STYLES ALL FAVOR THE WOMAN WHO SEWS

By PATRICIA



BEAUTY must go unadorned this season, for in simplicity and unadornment lies beauty. It is far better that you should be dressed plainly than overdressed at any time. And most of all—the new frocks are simple, particularly street clothes.

Any woman who makes her own clothes must be delighted with the trend of fashions these days. For with the aid of simple patterns like these she can turn out a wardrobe for herself with little difficulty. Everything is in favor of the woman who sews.

A straight line cloth dress is an essential. Design No. 2227 is made with a straight panel front, long, tight fitting sleeves, or those of shorter length, if you prefer. Bengaline, heavy silk crêpe, and satin are suitable for this style, the patterns for which are cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40 inch material. The monogram is included in our hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 706, which comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

The junior mode follows simple lines, too. In pattern No. 2201 we have a little frock for girls 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years, which can be made entirely of one material or of contrasting goods. Size 8 requires 1¼ yards of 36 inch material with 1¼ yards of 42 inch contrasting.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

The cross stitch motif is included in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 718, which comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

A young girl's party or dance frock is always charming made after the popular bouffant lines. Pattern No. 2233 is also a lovely dress for the fall bride. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40 inch material with 1¼ yards 3¼ inch lace for sleeves and 5¼ yards 4 inch lace banding for the skirt.

Only a slip that is straight and slender looking should be worn beneath the new frocks. Pattern No. 1893, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure, can be made with built-up shoulders or with straight upper edge and shoulder straps. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material. The hot-iron transfer pattern, No. 709 (blue only), costs fifteen cents extra.

The shirt front and plaits combine to make design No. 1923 one of the season's smartest and most popular models. The pattern is cut in size 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40 inch material, with ¾ yard 24 inch contrasting.

The World's Greatest

POPULAR INFLUENCE

The size of the theatre pictured here gives an idea of the amount of influence that the screen has on the popular imagination today.

Years ago daily newspapers were perhaps the strongest influence, but today there are about eight times as many theatres in America as daily newspapers.

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"EMPTY HANDS"

VICTOR FLEMING Production with Jack Holt. Supported by Norma Shearer. From the Harper's Bazar serial and book of the same name by Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Carey Wilson.

WILLIAM de MILLE Production
"THE FAST SET"

With Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Zasu Pitts, Elliott Dexter. Screen play by Clara Beranger from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Spring Cleaning."

Zane Grey's
"THE BORDER LEGION"

With Antonio Moreno and Helene Chadwick. Directed by William Howard. Adapted by George Hull.

JAMES CRUZE Production
"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"

Starring GLENN HUNTER with Viola Dana. From the story by Harry Leon Wilson and play by G. J. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Adapted by Walter Woods.

BEBE DANIELS in
"DANGEROUS MONEY"

By John Russell. From the novel "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick. Scenario by Julie Herne. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO in
Rex Beach's
"A SAINTED DEVIL"

A JOSEPH HENEBERY Production. From the Rex Beach novel, "Rope's End." Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

POLA NEGRI in
"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"
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Paramount Pictures

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Soft food is not the only enemy to the health of our gums. Hasty eating is another. For hasty eating, like soft food, robs the gums of stimulation.

Every little mouthful—

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And just as it is a message of cheer to your palate, so it is one of trouble to your teeth and your gums. For nowadays most of the troubles that we have with our gums can be traced to the long-continued eating of soft food. Rough, coarse foods, which stimulate the gum tissue, are by far the best for the health of your gums.

. . . . .

With the best of intentions, those who prepare the food that we eat have made it easier to eat than is good for us. They set before us smooth, soft, creamy delicacies that "melt in the mouth."

But these toothsome concoctions are *too* easy on our gums; *they are too soft!*

Daily stimulation is what our gums need; and under modern methods of preparing food, stimulation is just what they do not get. That is why the regular use of Ipana Tooth Paste will benefit any person's gums. For Ipana stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth.

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